THE SWEETEST EYES.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true—
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."
—M. A. Dennison in Critic.

PAULE'S BLUEBELLS.

They arrived at dusk. In the distance Mont Valerien lay quiet and peaceful as a slumbering lion. A light mist enveloped it, falling from the blue sky, across which the setting sun cast golden flames. Two steps away Paris grumbled.

The Seine surrounded the Grande Jatte isle with a low, gentle murmur, a murmur that was one long caress, and there was in the atmosphere a perfume of flowers and freshly mown grass.

Along the driveway on the other side of the river carriages passed at a trot, bearing the happy occupants to the promenade or taking them back to the city. On the water joyous merrymakers flew by in yawls that seemed like toys, the rowers shouting loud salutes to a big, lumbering towboat, black and awkward, which made them dance like cockleshells on the waves made by its paddles. And the ferrymen, who, for one sou a passenger, made the crossing from bank to bank, paused to let pass the enormous mass of barges dragged in tow, while the alert, laughing, noisy oarsmen, full of bravado, dashed by briskly plying their sculls.

The Seine then was full of laughter, rolling its green waters with a crisp, chopping sound that seemed to cry out to all, "Come on, come on!" and brushed the banks with a sly little kiss that bent the reeds and the water lilies still ungathered by the promenaders, while the rascally sparrows—little vagabonds with their sweethearts—leaped and skipped in the grassy nooks, near which the greenish scum of tiny rivulets made moving spots of emerald.

From time to time a pretty girl at the tiller threw a laugh to the wind; voices sounded everywhere; tights and jerseys, red and white caps, and the gay toilets of women, casting for a moment the flash of their vivid color upon the rolling waves, came and went and were little by little effaced by the thickening mist that the heat drew from the water.

"Oh, if only I had some bluebells!"

Paule spoke feebly in a soft, muffled voice, like the cooing of a bird. Her friend had made her a tiny nest of moss, and near the little birch yawl, drawn out on the grass, seated or rather reclining there, her white flannel skirts spread out around her, her black, curly hair thick and abundant, bringing out by contrast the ivory pallor of her skin, she seemed herself—with that faint, wavering red deepening and paling in the wan cheeks—some strange, frail blossom.

She wanted bluebells, the whim of a child, of one incurably ill! Her beautiful dark eyes, surrounded by bluish circles and shaded by long, curling lashes—eyes almost too big for the delicate face—sparkled with desire—she wanted bluebells!

"But, dearest," her friend responded, "there are no bluebells here."

"True! How very annoying!"

And she gave a sigh that was nearly a sob in her sunken little bosom.

All at once a joyous racket came through the trees, the crash of a bass drum and the flourishes of trombones marking the time of a gay quadrille. The boatmen of the Seine dance with all their heart at these island balls! Paule listened and joyously clapped her hands.

"Come, let us see them!" said she.

And he, with a gentle, kindly smile, full nevertheless of an unavowed sadness, he, Paule's friend, held out his two strong hands and said simply:

"Get up then."

In the cabaret frequented by the boatmen the crowd was dense; pretty and gayly dressed girls in the arms of stalwart oarsmen—every muscle of the body plainly outlined under the thin woven shirts—madly whirled about the table of the drinkers. An orchestra of some dozen musicians, led by a signor something or other, the name spread out in letters a foot long on a gaudy poster, played a furious quadrille.

Some of the dancers affected the style of the choregraphs of the outer barriers, their gambolings, springs and alert gymnastics; some, more serious, dance sedately and without bothering themselves with the manner of others, gallantly leading their loved ones here and there, with a certain fine and lofty scorn of their surroundings.

Truly a strange medley, in which friend and stranger elbowed each other as chance threw them together, and each took pleasure, according to his taste, intoxicating himself with the breath of the evening, while the perfume of Pernod mingled in the air with the smoke of pipes and cigars, to be quickly swept to the river or to hang for a moment—little blue clouds in the trees—as if caught by the branches.

"Ah, but life is good!" sighed Paule, leaning heavily on the arm of her friend.

Life! the eternal dream of those early doomed, of those that dream of a morrow they will never see, of a morrow already flying! Paule had in her eyes now the intoxication of a blissful vision! Why could she not have in reality the joy that her eyes beheld, the deceptive mirage of the happiness of others?

Suddenly she uttered a little cry:

"Bluebells! Bluebells, Henri!"

It was true; there they were on the corsage of one of the women. She had passed like a whirlwind close beside them. On the gray robe of the dancer the flowers stuck out in an enticing tuft, and her cavalier, a lad of perhaps twenty years, seemed to breathe in the odor and to draw from the faint perfume an always increasing strength to clasp his companion to him.

Paule eagerly stretched out her thin little hands.

"I want some bluebells!" said she, and she bent as if to seize them.

But the couple whirled on; it was nearing the end of the quadrille, and they whirled on and on and down the length of the ballroom, while the music played loudly and the day finished dying, but from time to time the dancers returned to pass again beside Paule's table. Her wide open eyes still followed with eager interest the dance of the blue flowers on the breast of the smiling waltzer.

A sorrowful shadow insensibly clouded the brow of Paule's friend. The flowers that the little one dreamed of having were really her life. She would never, never have them. For her all was ended. They had told him so at the Hospital de la Petie when he had gone there to seek her.

"My good monsieur," the infirmary chief had said to him, "it is merely a question of time."

The chaplain whom Paule had wished to see, and who had been the confidant of her griefs, had murmured in his ear:

"She is lost, monsieur, poor child; make her happy six months—at most."

And the priest, persisting in the belief that Paule was his wife, had added:

"It is the duty of a good husband."

And really, after all, why should she not have the flowers she wanted—why should not he, her friend, gratify the little one's innocent desire?

"Wait!" said he.

And as the dance had ended he rose and went straight to the shady little thicket where the one with the bluebells had taken refuge to rest for a moment with her breathless partner. The orchestra played now a dreamy song waltz, to which some dancers and all joined in the words, the deep bass of the men supporting and strengthening the treble of the grizettes, the leader of the band pointing the measure gayly, and lending his aid to direct and harmonize this choral and instrumental concert.

Paule, leaning back in her chair, delighted with everything, had a tight, harsh little cough that from time to time was smothered in her handkerchief, but the surrounding joy was insensibly infectious; Paule's face soon was radiant with a smile that made her for an instant beautiful with youth and health. Then her friend was back again, a bunch of bluebells in his hand.

"You have them!" cried she, "you have the bluebells!"

Her friend did not answer, but held them to her. She seized them as a child seizes an offered plaything, with a brusque gesture, inspired apparently at once by pleasure and fear—the pleasure of having, the fear of losing.

But how had her friend secured the bluebells? One must truly love much to be capable of a devotion that borders on the ridiculous. Two words had told the story of the happy girl with the flowers.

He wanted them, he said, his voice trembling with dread of a refusal, for a poor sick child. A mad caprice, he knew it well, but no one was selling them, he could not buy them, and disappointment would sadden the last hours of a dying one. Then compassionately, before her dumb struck escort could bow or say "yes," the girl had pulled them from her breast and thrust the bluebells into his hand.

"You have them!" repeated Paule, and without asking how he had obtained them, she took them tenderly in her hot clasp, carried them to her lips and pinned them to her corsage, smiling, content and proud.

Her friend regarded her sadly with swimming eyes, his gaze vague and absent. Beyond the present, so near, he saw the morrow. It was cruel—terrible.

Ah, but life was short! And men but fools to live as if it were long! And for such trifles, too, did vitality expend itself, wiseacres and artists use up their wits, lawyers sow ruin, and politics and war do the rest! That poor little bloodless body, so pretty, so frail, nearly transparent, that a cold breeze would wither tomorrow like a leaf without sap—was it not the image of life, so brief and fleeting?

Dear little Paule! She would last, like the bluebells she loved, just long enough to charm—and to be gathered!

Meanwhile all about them the music, noise and laughter went on.

Evening now had fallen, and everywhere they were setting the tables among the trees and the shrubbery and along the banks, brilliant with Venetian lanterns; some of the boatmen were going away, whole boat trains in fact, but double as many had come and still were coming.

Paule's friend, seeing the ever deepening flame in the white little face, led her to a kiosque that overlooked the Seine.

"Are we going to dine here?" demanded she happily.

"Yes, dearest; and if you are too much tired, as I believe, I will have the yawl put in a boathouse and we will also sleep here, that you may rest."

Paule clasped her hands delightedly; the idea of sleeping on the isle made her smile immediately.

"And I shall see the Seine running under the stars all night long," said she.

"But no; you'll be sleeping."

"I? Oh no, I sleep so little."

It was true, she did not sleep. At night the cough killed her, the fever burned her, ceaselessly, without respite. Even now, with the sun an hour gone, the little handkerchief was raised more and more frequently to the pale lips.

Just then a servant entered and set down a lamp. Paule spread out her flowers on the clean white cloth, nonchalantly leaned her elbows on the table and her chin in her two hands—such feeble, bloodless little hands, like bits of snow!

"If only," sighed she presently, in her soft, weary voice, answering some unspoken thought, "if only I could dine on flowers, like the butterflies!"

Something strange in her tone made her friend raise wondering eyes; she continued, never heeding:

"Yes, on flowers—these bluebells here"—her voice broke a little, but she went on bravely, "for—for I am going soon, and I know it. But I am very happy, all the the same, knowing it. And because of it—knowing it, I mean—that I wanted—just for the last time to come with you today. If I could eat bluebells like the butterflies they would spring from my grave, come up all around me growing from my body, and—and you could gather them." Oh, the heartbreak in the pitiful little voice.

As she spoke, slowly, with evident effort, but smiling at her friend to prove to him that she was indeed happy, Paule strove to raise her head and give her hand to her startled lover, who, unwilling to see the truth, had still not moved.

But the support of her hand removed, the heavy little head fell helplessly forward on the table and the pale brow lay among the scattered bluebells.

"Paule! Paule!" cried her friend, springing with a sob toward the poor little body.

Just at this moment, after a brief rest, the orchestra began again a waltz by Strauss, to which whirled couples intoxicated with life, while the rowers, departing in their illuminated crafts, accompanied with their strong young voices the strains of the horns and violins.

But Paule heard no longer; Paule was gone, though the soul, perhaps, still hovered over the fading bluebells that the tears of her friend bathed with a scalding dew.

And all the Seine, under the moon that silvered it, rang with cries and songs from the Bineau bridge to the bridge of Asnieres, and the river rolled its waters with a murmuring sound that seemed to say "Come on! come on!" and brushed its banks with a sly little kiss that bent the reeds and the water lilies; while in the distance Mont Valerien slept now under a sky full of stars, and two steps away Paris grumbled.—Translated from the French of Leon Bigot for Short Stories by Henry Jordan.

Saving Years by Rapid Transit.

One may get some idea of what railroads mean in the saving of time and money to passengers by taking the case of London. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons, or about one-tenth of the population of the entire area of the metropolis, travel to and from their business every day all the year round. If we remember the distances, it is not too much to assume that the railroad will economize for each at least two hours in the week, or say five days per annum each. This, for over 500,000 people, means 2,100,000 days, or an economy of 8,300 years of 300 working days each.

Suppose the average earnings of these 500,000 people to be $500 per annum each—not too high an average when we remember the number of millionaires included in the total—we shall see a total money saving, in the sense of time being money, of equal to $4,150,000 per annum. And this in London alone.—Yankee Blade.

A PANTHER'S JEALOUSY.

A Strange Story from New Mexico of a Brute's Vengeance.

A strange instance of jealousy in an animal is reported from a ranch in the range northwest of Silver City, N. M. A Mexican named Juan Lopez some years ago caught a young mountain lion and raised it as a pet. He had the animal completely under subjection, and it was as docile with him as a house cat. The lion is now about 4 years old, and is full grown, but it has always been accustomed to sleep at the foot of the bed of its master, and has followed him like a dog when he went around the place. Lopez had the lion trained for hunting, and it was always with him except when he came to town. It had never shown any dangerous disposition when with other people, and would allow visitors to fondle it.

Lopez recently married, and his bride insisted that the lion should be made to sleep out of the house, as she was afraid of it. Lopez assented to her wishes and built a house for his pet near the door of his cabin. When he attempted to make the animal go in it that night the brute for the first time was disposed to rebel against the wishes of its master, and the result was that it received a whipping. It went sullenly into the box, but all night long the Mexican and his bride could hear its low growls. Next morning the animal slunk into the house and curled up in a corner, repulsing the caresses of its master. It was sullen all day, but the bride noticed that it watched her constantly, and she became so nervous that she insisted that her husband should get rid of the big lion, and he promised to do so as soon as possible.

The second night it went to its hut outside with little opposition, and next morning Lopez started to town to find a purchaser for his pet. He left the animal at home and told his wife to pay no attention to it, but go about her work as if it was not in the house. Lopez had no difficulty in finding a purchaser for his lion, and about 5 o'clock in the evening started home. He arrived home after dusk, and was surprised to find the house dark. As he entered the place and groped about he stumbled over something on the floor. Stooping down he discovered that the object was a woman's body. He quickly struck a light, and was horrified at the sight that met his gaze.

The young wife had been torn to pieces by the savage brute. The struggle could not have been long, as the marks of the teeth showed that the lion had jumped upon her back and broken her neck at the first bite. It then had torn the victim to shreds. The animal, after completing his bloody work, had fled to the mountains and has not since been seen.

The young husband's grief was so great that he became insane and had to be confined to prevent him from taking his life.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Bad Air in Theaters.

It is alleged on scientific authority and seems quite worthy of belief that the air of theaters is the worst that is breathed except in mines, for there are no other buildings into which people are so closely crowded for hours at a time. Prisons, barracks, schools, factories, hospitals, offices—places that are occupied constantly or which, being used in daytime, require lighting by many windows that do some service as ventilators—are bad enough, yet in many mills, with their thousands of operatives and with chemical fumes and floating dust in the air, the lungs take in less impurity than is received at the theater and the concert hall.

That the mill, with its air containing 15 per cent. of impurity, works more harm than the theater with 30 per cent. of poison in its atmosphere, both illustrations being extreme, is due to the fact that the operatives breathe the 15 per cent. adulteration, say sixty hours a week, while the theater goer, who perhaps attends a performance two nights in the seven, takes but six or seven hours of his mixture. Still, a lack of immediate bad results at the play does not excuse managers and owners from their neglect to furnish air for their patrons.—C. S Montgomery in Engineering Magazine.

Water Pipes Growing Popular.

Water pipes made after the style of the famous Turkish chibouk are growing in favor lately. These pipes are a positive luxury to the man who lounges on his bed or sofa while he wishes to enjoy his smoke. The great advantage of the use of these contrivances lies in the fact that after the smoke leaves the pipe it is projected through the water in the glass bowl, and then proceeds through the tube to the mouth of the smoker.

The passage of the smoke through the water thoroughly removes all nicotine and cools it so well that when the smoker draws it into his lungs it is deliciously cool and free from all injurious effects. Cigars may be smoked in these pipes also. A glance at one which has been in use a short time will show a surprisingly large deposit of nicotine on the glass of the water bowl. This fact alone speaks for its utility.—New York Advertiser.

Injury from Tightly Laced Shoes.

Tightly laced shoes or overtight gaiters which fit closely about the ankles have an extremely bad effect on the health of the foot. Any member deprived of its customary supply of blood becomes impoverished and enfeebled, and by and by subject to muscular atrophy. There are people in this city who have worn tight laced shoes or tight gaiters so long that the muscles of their feet and ankles have perceptibly shrunk and lost a large portion of their power. Shoes tightly laced at the ankle deprive the foot of its needful supply of blood, and after the foot becomes weak it is extremely liable to sprains or wrenches, and a large proportion of people suffering from sprained ankles themselves induced the trouble by weakening their muscles with tight shoes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Picture in the Watch.

Ex-Minister Dallas used to tell the following anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte. He had been playing cards until he lost all his ready money, then pledged his rings and finally laid his watch on the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened with a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine. On her attempting to open the back, Jerome immediately clasped it and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it, grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there and finally, bursting into tears, quit the room.

Jerome then opened the watch, showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife (Betsy Patterson) with the remark, "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her see it." It was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Ear of Corn.

A freak in the shape of an ear of corn has been found in Georgia. The ear is like most ears of corn in length and size, but at the butt end there are six other little ears—resembling human figures, giving the appearance of an ear of corn grasped in the hand of a man. The small ears are from two to six inches long.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Not Superstitious.

He came into the office with his hat in hand, and the man at the desk, knowing what he was after, steeled his heart against him.

"Good morning," he said, as if apologizing to the morning. "Can I negotiate a small loan here?"

"You cannot," said the man at the desk.

"You seem to be very positive about it."

"I don't seem; I am. Good morning."

"Thanks. I said that when I came in," all this very politely.

"You're sure I can't negotiate a loan?"

"Sure of it?"

"Not for any amount?"

"No, not one cent."

"Thanks. You are not a superstitious man, are you?" he said, changing the subject so suddenly that the man at the desk was startled.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Don't have any faith in signs?"

"Not the slightest."

"Wouldn't believe one if you saw it?"

"Of course not."

"That's what I thought," and he started out.

"Here," said the man at the desk, "what do you mean by asking such questions?"

"Can't tell you for less than a quarter," said the tramp, grinning.

"Here's your quarter. Now tell me."

"Look at your window," and the man read there in fine, gilt letters, "Loans negotiated for any amount," and when he turned to pay his respects to his visitor that suave and simple gentleman had disappeared somewhere in the crowd on the street.—Detroit Free Press.

The People of Eastern Peru.

Eastern Peru, though changing its political title at various periods, has been called the Montana or wooded country, since the first colony was planted there 256 years ago. The experiences of the early settlers were an endless succession of romantic adventures. Towns were built and destroyed many times, and there is scarcely a single site which has not been bathed with the blood of white and Indian through centuries of conflict. Spanish and Peruvian possession of this territory has consequently been more nominal than real until within the last twenty years, during which time several of the old mission stations have flourished forth into cities of from 2,000 to 6,000 inhabitants under the commercial stimulus given by the opening of the Amazon to the flags of all nations in 1866.

Accordingly the majority of the pure whites now living in the Montana are either Peruvians originally from the west coast, or Germans, French and English, with two or three Americans, who have been allured into this remote corner of the globe by the prospect of speedily amassing fortunes in the rubber trade. These newcomers are often noble examples of manhood, full of that courage and determination which are needful in establishing government and commercial prosperity in the midst of a somnolent and sometimes treacherous native population. Women of apparently equal rank are, however, conspicuously absent.—Courtenay De Kalb in Harper's.

Late Comers to Church in New Clothes.

The following notice has been distributed in the pews of a Massachusetts church: "It may not be inappropriate to call the attention of the audience to the bad habit they have fallen into of watching people who come in late, especially those who have new clothes. These late comers are modest people and it must be a serious annoyance to have their raiment made a subject of remark. They wear it unconsciously and prefer that you would not notice them. The Sunday services are at 10:30 and at 7:30 for the benefit of all who desire to spend an hour in worship, but for all those who have recently visited the tailor and milliner and dressmaker the morning service begins anywhere from 10:30 to 11, and the evening service at 7:50. For the benefit of the very tardy ones the announcement is hereby made that the benediction will be the only portion of the service in which they are respectfully invited to participate."—Exchange.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, when full grown is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape, and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds, and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.—St. Nicholas.

Long Sermons and Obscure.

In Wales religious services are too often long, obscure and relentlessly theological. I know of one Nonconformist minister in Flintshire who seldom preaches for more than twenty minutes. But he is, alas! a rare exception. When his example is followed the chapels will be better attended.—Liverpool Mercury.



They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves.")
And the poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try;
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak,
She grew better at once and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of "female weakness," yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles.

It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for "female weaknesses" and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper. You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

What He Could Afford.

Robert Carrick was one of the earliest bankers of Glasgow.

He was waited on by three fellow citizens for a subscription to the royal infirmary.

They wished him to head the subscription, and to their mortification and surprise he put down his name for only two guineas, and when they besought him to increase the amount he became indignant and threatened to withdraw his name altogether.

He could not really afford even so much as two guineas, he declared.

The deputation proceeded next to the office of Mr. Milquham, one of the great manufacturers of Glasgow. He looked at the paper and exclaimed:

"Bless me, what's this? Banker Carrick only two guineas!"

They told him that the banker had said he could not really afford any more.

"What's that you say?" He turned to his faithful cashier. "Jamie, bring me the bank book." Then he wrote a check on the Carrick's bank for £10,000.

"Now, Jamie, run to the bank and bring that money to me."

The check was presented. Old Robin stared. "Go back," said he; "there's some mistake," and presently he came running into Milquham's counting house in great anxiety.

"What's wrong wi' ye the day?" asked the banker.

"Nothing in the least degree wrong with me. But I suspect there's something far wrong with you and the bank," answered the manufacturer, "for these good gentlemen sitting here have assured me that in your own office and out of your own mouth you declared you could only afford them two guineas. And that being the case, I think it is high time I removed my deposits."

Mr. Carrick was in a hard place, but he finally put down his name for fifty guineas.—Exchange.

Did the Pelican Count?

Houzean de la Haie tells of a pelican living in a fisherman's family at Santo Domingo that fed upon the refuse of the fish cleaning. Every week day it would go to the shore looking for the food which the boats were sure to bring in. Now the owner of this pet pelican, although a rough fisherman, was of a pious turn of mind and always observed Sabbath. The pelican was not long in learning this and the fact that he was unwillingly made to observe a forced fast every seventh day. Within a very short time he had such a clear idea of the regular return of the day that he would sit motionless all day on Sunday on a tree near the house without once attempting to go to the beach for his daily allowance of refuse fish trimmings. Mme. Royer, in commenting on this remarkable exhibition of reasoning faculties in a bird, says:

"It is not necessary to suppose that the pelican has learned to count the six days, at the end of which time its masters would not go fishing, but while it really estimated daily the time when it must make its excursions to the beach, it was informed of the return of Sunday by what was going on at the house, as, for instance, the fishermen putting on their Sunday clothes. In the same way a dog knows when his master is ready to start on a hunt by seeing him with gun and gamebag."—St. Louis Republic.

Wonders in Photography.

A maker of "test plates" named Webb many years ago made for the Army Medical museum at Washington a specimen of microscopic writing on glass. This writing consists of the words of the Lord's Prayer, and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1-244 by 1-441 of an inch, or an area of 1-129,654 of a square inch.

The lines of this writing are about as broad as those of the test plates, which are 1-50,000 of an inch apart. They are, therefore, about as wide as average light waves. Now then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing.

There are in the Lord's Prayer 227 letters, and if as here this number occupies 1-229,654 of an inch there would be room in an entire square inch for 29,431,458 such letters similarly spaced.

Now the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains but 3,566,480 letters, and there would therefore be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of the glass in the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer have been written on this specimen.

Such a statement without doubt staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe.—Lens.

Harvesting Almonds.

First to bloom in the spring, the almond is last to mature in the fall. The whole spring and summer long it hangs there, a green peach for all the world, and after the first few weeks never increasing in size or changing in appearance. The seam is deeper than in most peaches, but not deeper than in the ripe apricot.

Late in August this seam will be seen to have opened in a few of the earliest. The grower's anxiety now reaches its climax. Will his almonds open and remain open until harvested, or will the drupe remain closed or only partially open and then close tight again? The whole profit of the crop may depend on this question. It may cost half they are worth to pick and husk them.

The nuts are knocked off the trees with long poles. Where they have opened nicely they are allowed to drop on the bare ground and are husked as they are picked up. The picker's delight, if he is working by the bushel or box, is to see the ground covered with nuts that the stroke of the pole and the impact against the clods have completely husked, so that he has nothing to do but throw them into his basket. Those that do not are husked with the fingers.—Henry J. Philpott in Popular Science Monthly.

A Most Astounding Lapse.

An absent minded doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been for some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man. He was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill and the patient getting better.—London Tit-Bits.

Plucky Lighthouse Keepers.

In February, 1881, the Sharp's island lighthouse was carried away by ice in Chesapeake bay. The keepers tended the lamp to the last and clung to the structure when it was swept from its foundation, finally saving not only themselves, but a great part of the valuable apparatus.—Washington Star.

The largest town clock in the world is in the tower of the Glasgow university at Glasgow. The clock weighs about a ton and a half and has a pendulum weighing 800 pounds.

It is well enough for the politician to be an early bird, but it is a good thing to be careful and not come across the worm at its proverbial turning point.

The city of London proper is only one mile square, but so valuable is its real estate that it produces a rental of $7,000,000 a year.

Candolle, the investigator, says that the health of dark eyed persons is much superior to that of the light or the blue eyed type.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Kipling's Story of an Interview.

An Australian paper said very humorously, "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at 12 o'clock and at 12:15 he had formulated an Australian policy."

"Yes, that is very funny," said Kipling, but it is not true. This is how it was: A young reporter cornered me just after I had landed. I treated him kindly, but I said firmly that I was not to be interviewed.

"'I have no thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter with a touch of sadness in his voice. 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'"

It turned out that the reporter was a man with a theory who had been persistently sat down upon by his superiors on the press. He had an Australian policy that he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the young novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you."

"All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead."

So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country.

"I never read the article," continued Kipling, "but there must have been some amazing theories in it, from the storm it raised. I hope that young man realizes my forbearance in standing all the unmerited abuse heaped upon me for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Now or Never.

There is hardly anything so bad that a wise person cannot get some good out of it. Indeed, it is one of the principal marks of a philosopher that he reaps an advantage even from misfortune.

A little Boston girl had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill with pneumonia. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mamma how very much she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask grandpa to buy her one.

Mamma answered that grandpa did not like dogs and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said:

"Wait till you get well, my dear; then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her a little wisdom, "the sicker I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."—Boston Herald.

A Plucky Greyhound.

A circumstance which I should say was an uncommon one in the annals of shikar happened the other day. A gentleman while out shooting in the Eastern Dun in a canebrake started a leopard and a cub. Among his dogs which were beating was a powerful English greyhound. This dog drove off the leopard and killed the cub. This same dog also killed a very powerful lungoor (gray monkey), one of the largest size, standing fully 3 feet 9 inches or 4 feet.

One of the spaniels had cut this lungoor off from the tree for which it was making, and it turned upon the dog and bit it in the neck very severely, its tusks being as large as a small leopard's. It then tried to strangle the dog, when the greyhound came to the rescue. It caught the lungoor by the nape of the neck and with one crunch killed it.—Asian.

A Humorous Snake.

In Marianne North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" is a description of a tame snake.

Its mistress would sometimes twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore around her head, and once threatened to go down thus decorated to a dinner party of rather stiff people.

But one of the snake's own eccentricities serves to distinguish it among all other reptiles of a similar nature which have served as pets.

It was as fond of glittering things as its mistress herself, and when she took off her many rings and placed them on different parts of the table it would go about collecting them and stringing them on its lithe body. Then it would tie itself in a knot, so that the rings could not be taken off until it was pleased to untie itself again.

Lightning as a Photographer.

On examining the field glasses used at the observatory on Mount Arle, situated near the summer resorts, West Baden and French Lick, it was found that one of the field glasses had an impression of flowers in both lenses, like a negative. It must have been caused by lightning, as the glass was left on the upper platform of the observatory and the impression is of such flowers as are growing on Mount Arle. The quality of the glass is not impaired at all, though the impression seems to go clear through the lenses. Mr. Buerk, the proprietor of the observatory, cannot account for this freak of lightning otherwise than the electric action on the flowers and lenses.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Dangerous Man.

Bunting—Why are you fellows always dodging Bloobumper?

Larkins—His first baby has just commenced to talk.—Exchange.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

FATE.

He hungered for love, and you coveted fame,
He sighed for a kiss, and you longed for a name,
Mary:
He was rich in the blessings of trust and of truth,
He was poor in your love—he with genius and youth—
Richard:
You were rich in a love that is thoughtless of need,
You were poor with the penury born of your greed,
Mary:
"I will wed when you bring me the emperor's star."
And he galloped away to the thick of the war,
Richard.
But the winged words came, and they withered your pride;
"With the emperor's star on his bosom he died."
Mary! Mary!
—James S. Easby-Smith in Kate Field's Washington.

"O 41."

First of all, inasmuch as the evil genius of this story is the young man in The Globe counting room who has to sort and distribute the replies to "small want ads.," I wish to apologize to him right here and now, and to assure him that this incident never did really happen, and couldn't possibly happen except in a story—and that of course is this story.

Captain Sprowl threw his hat on the bed and sat down in his easy chair in the cabin to light his pipe. Up curled the smoke, and through it the captain looked ruefully at a neat package that lay on the table.

"What a fool I was to buy that," he thought. "Old sextant was plenty good enough, though I have had it nine years. Bought it in Liverpool when I was second mate of the Julia A. Smith. And now I've put out a month's earnings for a new one. What possessed me I don't know."

And so the captain went on.

Now Captain Sprowl was not, as you might think from the name, a baldheaded old man with bushy whiskers.

No, names are very misleading. Instead, he was tall and slender, with a sandy mustache, and had not a gray hair in his head. He came from Maine, and although but thirty years old he had been for six years captain of the Edna Dunn, now lying at Constitution wharf in Boston discharging her cargo of sugar.

"Well," puffed the captain, "nothing to do now but to get rid of the old sextant. I should go ashore next trip if I had two sextants to navigate by. Must work the old one off on some landlubber or somebody."

The package was lying on an old newspaper which he had read through and through on his last trip out.

"The very thing!" said he. "I'll put a notice in the paper—'Sextant for sale, cheap,' and if somebody doesn't bite at it I miss my guess."

The next morning the only thing the captain could see in the paper was this:

Sextant for sale by a ship captain, nearly new and in perfect order; will be sold cheap. Address O 41, Globe office.

And now my story's begun.

Etta Bourne had been at work in a millinery store in Boston for nearly two years. She and her older sister Annie had learned the trade with the village milliner down in Kennebunk.

But Annie, who had long been the belle of the village, got married, and Etta concluded to try her fortune in Boston.

She was full of ambition.

So it fell that in her two years in the millinery store she studied shorthand and typewriting, with the intention of fitting herself to be a confidential clerk.

One Sunday she saw this advertisement:

For Sale—Jones' Premier typewriter, at half price; been used less than a month; in perfect order. Address O 47, Globe office.

Etta Bourne, being a Maine Yankee, knew a bargain when she saw it. She wanted to own a typewriter, and so she wrote a brief note addressed to "O 47, Globe office," asking where the machine could be seen, and dropped it into the letter box as she went to work Monday morning.

Now I said at the beginning that the advertising clerk was to blame. Perhaps the mistake was partly that of Etta Bourne. At any rate it will never be known.

The clerk was sorting the replies and putting them in their appropriate boxes. When he came to Etta Bourne's letter to "O 47," he read it "O 41" and put it in the pigeonhole as such.

That was a very, very little mistake, of course, but you who have noticed how things go in this world of ours have discovered that the most serious changes in the course of our lives come about from just such little happenings.

For it was that very day that Captain Sprowl advertised his sextant for sale. And Captain Sprowl was "O 41."

Now the tall captain was a very busy man, and it was late that afternoon before he went to the office to gather in the replies from people who were anxious to buy a sextant.

But the sextant market was apparently rather dull, for all the clerk could give him was one solitary letter. The captain tore the envelope open and tossed it aside.

"I saw your advertisement in The Globe," read the captain. "I wish to buy a good second hand machine of standard make, and if the one you offer is in perfect repair and the price is satisfactory, perhaps we can trade. But I cannot give more than fifty dollars, and if you ask more you need not reply to this. Send your address, stating where machine can be seen, to H. E. Bourne, 450 Winter street."

"Well," soliloquized the captain, "I've got one answer, anyhow. But what does a woman want of a sextant—for this is certainly a woman's writing! She seems to be in earnest, though. And fifty dollars! Conscience! I never expected to get more than twenty-five dollars. Well, she'll have to come on board, I suppose, so I'll send her my address." And standing at the public desk he wrote:

H. E. Bourne:
DEAR MISS—Yours in reply to my advertisement in The Globe is at hand. Please call on me on board the bark Edna Dunn, Constitution wharf, between 2 and 6.
EDWIN R. SPROWL, Captain.

The next afternoon about 4 a trim little figure walked rapidly over the rough planks of Constitution wharf.

"It's a queer place to find a second hand typewriter," thought Etta Bourne, "but I suppose the captain got tired of it, or couldn't use it because the vessel pitched so, or something like that."

She saw the gilt letters, "Edna Dunn," A fat, baldheaded man with a little gingham apron on looked out at the door of a boxlike house in the middle of the vessel.

A broad plank extended from the wharf across the bulwarks. The man in the apron came forward.

"I wish to see Captain Sprowl," said she.

"Yes, mim. Come right aboard, mim, on that there plank, mim. The captain's down in his cabin, mim."

Etta Bourne stepped hastily along the plank and the stout cook, putting his broad palms under her elbows, lifted her lightly to the deck.

"This way, mim," and he led her around to the after companionway.

They went down the brass railed stairs, and as the cook knocked at the door Etta noticed how spick and span everything looked.

As a matter of fact the captain, in view of a lady's visit, had kept the cook scouring the wood and brasswork all the forenoon.

"Captain, sir, a lady wishes to see yo."

The captain, with half an hour's work in his four-in-hand, bowed respectfully.

"I am Miss Bourne," began Etta. I came in reponse to your advertisement in The Globe about a"——

"Yes, ma'am," said the captain; "this is the place. Will you take a seat?"

As Etta sank into an easy chair she glanced about her in astonishment. She had no idea that those little low houses on ship's deck were so comfortable as this.

Here was a dainty little sitting room, with a rich, soft carpet, a hanging lamp of elaborate design, huge plush easy chairs and sofa, a pretty rattan rocker and a table strewn with the latest magazines.

"I beg your pardon," said the tall captain, who had been looking curiously at her, "but are you not related to Miss Annie Bourne of Kennebunk?"

"Why, yes, indeed; she is my own sister," answered Etta with animation.

"I used to go to school with her in the old Berwick academy, years ago; but I didn't know she had a sister."

"Oh, yes, I went to the academy myself; but it was after she was graduated."

"And was old Brown principal when you were there?"

From this they went on for ten minutes, and each knew so many that the other did that they soon became old acquaintances.

The captain at once noticed that she was a remarkably neat and pleasant little woman, and Etta Bourne thought the captain a fine looking man, tall and strong.

"Well, Captain Sprowl," said she, finally, "I mustn't forget what I came for. I believe you have a machine that you wish to sell?"

"Why, yes," said the captain, wondering what on earth this attractive young woman could want of a sextant.

"And how did you come to want to sell it," pursued she, wondering what use this sea captain had for a typewriter.

"Well, the fact is," said the captain, reddening a little, "I bought a new one the other day when I really didn't need it, and of course I haven't use for two. And," continued he, "since turn about is fair play, I am going to ask you what you want of one?"

"To earn a living with," said she.

The captain looked puzzled as he went into his stateroom to get the sextant. He had heard that women were becoming the rivals of men in almost every trade and profession, and he vaguely wondered if Miss Bourne was intending some time to become Captain Bourne.

"Well," said he, coming back and holding the sextant out toward her, "here it is. The ivory on the scale is a little yellow, and the vernier glass has a little crack across the outer edge, but"——

He stopped. Miss Bourne was holding up her hands with amazement.

"Why—why—what is this?" she stammered.

"Why, it's a sextant," said the captain. "I thought you knew what they looked like."

"But there's some misunderstanding here. I don't have any use for a sextant. It was a typewriter that I understood you had to sell."

"A typewriter!" said the captain, astonished in turn. "Why, no. Here's the advertisement," and he put the paper in her hands.

Now, as I have said, Etta Bourne was a Maine Yankee; and in less than ten seconds she had guessed how the mistake was made.

"Well, now," said the captain, "I thought it was awful funny that a woman should want to buy a sextant. Now you have disappointed me, I don't see how I am going to sell it, unless I leave it at the instrument maker's and let him get what he can for it."

Oddly enough, from this point this story runs along so naturally that you can tell it yourself.

The tall captain escorted Miss Bourne up town, called on her two or three times while he was in port, corresponded with her when he was away, and in less than a year this notice appeared:

SPROWL—BOURNE.—In Kennebunk, Me., May 8, at the residence of the bride's parents, Captain Edwin R. Sprowl and Henrietta E. Bourne.

And now my story is done.—Edgar Yates in Boston Globe.

Stilling the Waves with Netting.

Much interest is at present being manifested in an invention which has been submitted to the French Salvage society by one Baron d'Alessandro. It consists in covering the surface of the sea with a specially prepared insubmergible and imputrescible thin netting. This reticular fabric does not rise sensibly above the surface, and does not offer resistance to the wind, and it plays, it is claimed, the part of a bed of oil in that it has the effect of stilling the waves and rendering navigation safer and less difficult.

Baron d'Alessandro's idea is born of the circumstance that sailors have frequently observed the calm produced by the floating seaweed technically known as filum, which is met with in various parts of the North sea. His netting is said to imitate exactly the nature and characteristics of this marine plant of the Algæ class.—Galignani Messenger.

Boston's Great Fire.

The great fire of Boston, which occurred Nov. 9, 1872, started at the corner of Summer and Kingston streets and spread over sixty-three acres of the business part of the city, leaving the entire district bounded by Summer, Washington, Milk and Broad streets a heap of smoking ruins and destroying over $100,000,000 worth of property. Many of the buildings, although of solid granite, seemed to be no barrier to the spread of the conflagration. Boston recovered with marvelous speed from this terrible blow, and the burned district was relaid out in greater regularity and the buildings erected were of much more substantial character and under strict regulations with regard to greater safety from similar disaster. Indeed the beauty of the great avenues of warehouses in this quarter of the city is now frequently commented on by strangers.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Right Designation.

They were discussing a musical amateur. She—Uncle Charles, what would you call Mr. Crossbar—a harper or a harpist?

He—Neither. If I called him anything, I should say he is a confounded nuisance.—London Tit-Bits.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive all timely communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed; in all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1892.



Republican Nominations.

NATIONAL

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana

For Vice-President,
WHITELAW REID, of New York

STATE

Judge of the Supreme Court,
JOHN DEAN, Blair County

Congressmen-at-Large,
WILLIAM LILLY, Carbon County,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL, Mercer County

A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE.

Among the many blunders that the Democratic party has from time to time committed, one of the latest is its bold assertion that "the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for purposes of revenue only." These fallacious words occur in the Free Trade resolution of the Democratic platform, preceeded by the hostile declaration against Protection, which the same resolution denounces as "a fraud." In the eye of the average Democrat the principle of Protection has always been considered "a fraud." Some Democrats, however, take a different view of the question, and here it may be well to remark that the Randall Democrats are not all dead, by any means. They still live to defend the protection of American industry, and to uphold those laws which have been enacted in its behalf These men take no stock in such idle and idiotic stuff as is too often promulgated as the "fundamental principles" of the Democratic party. They never believed, and they do not now believe, that the Federal Government has not the constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, "except for purposes of revenue only" Neither did General Jackson believe it, nor Thomas Jefferson, nor James Madison, nor any other sensible Democrat of the past It is even doubtful whether the actual author of this blundering fallacy believed his own assertion. At best it is but one of those empty expressions of political faith that will not bear scrutinizing, and which any sensible man, if he should take counsel of his judgment and his understanding, would instantly repudiate as unworthy of intelligent approval.

The Chicago Convention, as a body assembled to proclaim opinions, was not higher in the range of judicial authority than the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court had already given its decision affirming the constitutionality of the McKinley tariff bill before the Democratic Convention met at Chicago But the Convention reversed the decision of the Supreme Court in its published creed; but this creed is not yet vitalized with that legitimate quality which makes it the law of the land.

We are inclined to think that the Supreme Court knows as much about the tariff question as does any Democratic conclave, and we are also inclined to the opinion that the people of the United States will be likely to place a little more confidence in the decisions of the Court than in the idle assertions of the Democratic party, even if they wear the solemn garb of "fundamental principles."

EDITORIAL ANTICS.

Some of the Democratic papers of the lower grade are exercising all their energies to make political capital out of the deplorable Homestead calamity. They view it only in one aspect, and that, as a matter of course, a spurious one. This leads them to practice deceit, sow the seeds of error, and fill their readers' minds with the mists of delusion. Their readers, happily, are as likely to be quite as intelligent as their editors, and far more fair and sensible These editors are not as blind as they appear to be, although they exercise their mental vision as though it were built on one side, like the eyes of the turbot, which have not even the merit of being on the right side of the finny animal. They are so warped, so prejudiced, so twisted out of normal shape through the action of political obliquity that their pens naturally go astray, and their left-side vision only discerns that which suits their selfish and venal purposes.

These purblind editors have so little wit that they foolishly imagine that other people see and thing precisely as they do But other people think and judge for themselves, and therefore they judge and think rationally. These left-eyed editors discern in the Homestead misfortune no feature that rouses their dull sympathies, and they find no place, in considering its primary causes, for the employment of candid judgment and the ordinary powers of reasoning They profess to believe, in their superficial way, that the Protective Tariff is at the bottom of the whole wretched business. They cheerfully utter their false wail, spread their counterfeit pretexts, reiterate their silly vaporings, and only prove the hollowness of their understanding It is a marvel that they are so willing thus to expose their shameful dearth of intelligence.

The Protective Tariff had no more to do with the Homestead contention than it has to do with a western cyclone. It has no more connection with it than it has with an English labor riot or a Belgium mob. When similar labor troubles occur in England, where they are far more frequent than in America, as everybody knows, not even our turbot-eyed editor is willing to advertise his want of sense by ascribing them to untenable causes. And yet he makes himself equally ridiculous by his senseless editorial antics in dealing with the Homestead misfortune

CAPITAL GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, D C., July 12, '92.

ED. GAZETTE —The feeling in Washington since the result of the third party convention became known is one of relief. There was a possibility that he so-called people's party might make some trouble with the calculations of the other parties by nominating candidates who would poll a large vote in portions of the west, but that danger seems now to be past It is the prevailing opinion among the Republicans in Congress that General Weaver will not carry a single western state. His record as an inflationist will command no support beyond the votes of those who are now committed to the movement. The platform adopted will not attract the sober, serious, thinking men of any section of the country when it comes to be correctly expounded

According to the presentation formulated at Omaha this land of the free and home of the brave is the worst governed country under the sun. We are gravely told that the nation is "brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin," "corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislature, the Congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench," "the people are demoralized," "newspapers largely subsidized or muzzled, public opinion silenced, business prostrated." To remedy all this which the logic of common sense would show to be without remedy at all if true, the Omaha reformers propose government ownership of railroad, a sub-treasury 2 per cent. loan, and a "flexible currency issued by the general government only" John Law's financial bubble and the tulip mania in Holland were sane propositions compared with the suggestions of the people's party.

The nomination of Cleveland has done much to solidify the Republicans of the west and cause those who have been inclined to listen to strange doctrines to return to their allegiance A western Senator very clearly voiced the sentiment and conditions in the west the other day, when he said Our people will not take any chances on the election of Cleveland. No one ever injured the west more than he did. During his administration our mail facilities were curtailed in every direction and every citizen out there knows it through bitter experience The country was growing with wonderful rapidity, and its needs increased daily, but the mail service was kept in a crippled condition until Mr Harrison came into power, to-day the service is being pushed to a pace which is as nearly as possible equal to our national growth. Then Cleveland's Land Commissioner, Sparks, was a terror to the west He asserted that all the settlers on public lands were thieves, and undertook to make them prove the contrary. He refused to issue patents to lands and in hundreds of ways harrassed the poor and bona fide settlers, making even their lives burdensome. He was evidently carrying out the policy of his chief, who sent carpet baggers from Virginia and other Southern States to fill the offices in the Territories I am sure that our people will have no more of such an administration.

Washington is making preparations on a grand scale for the Grand Army Encampment in September It will undoubtedly be such a reunion as has not occurred since the great review in 1865 Chairman Edson of the Citizen's Executive Committee said to-day that already applications were recorded for quartering as many as were provided for in Detroit last year, and the event is still more than two months off Over 60,000 men are now booked for accommodations and the rush is just beginning. The Democratic House of Representatives has shown its quality again as well as its hatred of the soldiers by cutting down the appropriation for this purpose to $75,000. The amount voted by the Senate and really needed, was $100,000, and the citizens have subscribed $50,000 Even this grand total will hardly be enough for properly handling the affair and taking care of those who come. It is the intention of the managers to get together all the surviving commanders of corps, divisions and brigades and have them present at the great re-union. This will be one of the prominent features of the encampment, and one that every comrade will remember with pleasure to his last day. Among the surviving corps commanders who have signified their intention to be present are General H. W. Slocum, General Franz Sigel, General Rosecrans, and General D E. Sickles. FELIX.

What is Peace or War?

They are at it yet, hammer and tongs; so say the Fidelity Wall Paper Co. of 12 N. 11th St., Phila. While it lasts they will be in position to give the public a chance to buy cheap. Their embossed papers are "world beaters." Send four two cent stamps for samples.

OWING TO A LAME HORSE.

He Stopped for the Night at the Home of His Old Friend.

A number of years ago, before the railroad was built through this section, I used to drive over my route

It was early in June on a Saturday that I left a town not far from here determined if possible to reach Kensington to spend Sunday Just after starting I noticed that one horse was a little lame and rapidly becoming worse As evening was approaching I concluded that I would ask to remain over Sunday at the first respectable looking farmhouse that I reached.

About fifteen minutes later I came to a place with the house and barns nicely painted and the outbuildings and fences in good order Just as I reached the front gate an old man appeared with a shepherd dog running at his heels The barking of the dog in a not unfriendly way, called the old gentleman's attention to me I told him of my dilemma and requested him to allow me to turn up over the Sabbath He hesitated a moment and then remarked that he "guessed Cynthia would not care" After considerable trouble we got the lame horse in a roomy stall thickly bedded

Mr Joslin, as he told me his name was, proved an expert in the care of horses, and soon had mine feeling better We started for the house, and before we reached the door it was opened from the inside by a young girl, who said in a clear voice, "Grandpa you are late supper has been ready some time" Just then I stepped out from the shadow of the porch, and he introduced me and explained the situation to her, whereupon she at once bade me welcome

After tea we gathered in the cosy parlor I was surprised to see a fine piano and a library well filled with standard works, and observed two swords crossed, an old canteen and a haversack. Evidences of a cultured taste prevailed

She was a particularly good conversationist, and as the old gentleman dozed in his old armchair we fast became acquainted The clock striking 10 awoke Mr Joslin, and, lighting a candle, he showed me to my room Glancing around the room I saw an old fashioned album lying on the table, and turning over its pages I came across a photograph of Captain Joslin, with whom I banked in Libby Prison in 1864 It was plain enough now My host had told me his name was Joslin, and Cynthia his grandchild—so Captain Joslin, my old friend, was his son, and Cynthia must be the daughter I remembered he had spoken of as we walked up and down the prison floor I was exchanged and left Libby Prison, and had never been able to get any trace of him.

After breakfast as we were sitting on the porch, a lull in the conversation gave me a chance to resume it by entering upon the subject then foremost in my mind Gradually I turned our talk to the late war, and Mr Joslin tremblingly told me that the captain was released just before Lee's surrender He came home broken in health and spirits, never rallied, but lingered along in daily suffering until God called him home in September, 1866 —Albany Cor New York Recorder

School in Central Park.

I saw a pretty sight in Central park the other day The entrance to the swanboat pavilion was choked with benches, and it was evident that some unusual call upon the fleet had been made Most of the boats were out of sight, but after awhile there came a fleet of them down the tiny lake and such a flock of happy little ones as filled them you seldom saw upon that sheet of water

In each boat were one or more pleasant faced ladies keeping the little ones in check and pointing out to them the beauties of the sail They were very quiet for children but waved their handkerchiefs at each other and were evidently having a royal and unusual time

What do you think it was? School Actually school I thought of the public schools with their pent up hordes of half smothered children, and I wondered if the good Lord would ever give sense to the board of education and teach that body that the book of nature is worth a ton of printed books these bright spring days

I asked the name of the wise school which had learned the lesson of making learning palatable to the young, and I found that it was an old friend of mine, the school founded and maintained by Professor Felix Adler's society The little ones whom I saw were the children of the very poor Their parents had no time for Central park and no money for swanboats, and their ride was a luxury as well as an education God bless such schools as these! say I —New York Herald.

Both Sides Admitted It.

Gargoyle—The jury in the Swayback case must have been composed of very ignorant men

Gummey—Why?

Gargoyle—The lawyers on both sides asked the Judge to instruct them.—Detroit Free Press

What a Dyspeptic Says.

Sawyer—The proof of the pudding is in the eating

De Spep—No, it isn't. It is in the digesting —Exchange

Doctor Yourself

and save money, and perhaps your life Send three 2-cent stamps to pay postage to A P Ordway & Co, Boston, Mass, and receive a copy of Dr Kaufmann's great Medical Work, 100 pages, elegant colored plates

A Complete Establishment

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made Hats, from 40 cts to $3 00. Underwear from $1 00 to $3 00 per suit, and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers They keep no auction trash upon their premises

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 11, 1892

Closed Saturdays at 1 P. M.

Cotton Dress Goods prices are leaning toward you most temptingly.

It is surprising what a mere mite of money is needed to buy stuff for a Cotton Dress.

Between the 25c Yankee Ginghams at 12½c and the 75c Silk-and-cotton Ginghams at 50c is a most winsome group of kindred stuffs—all prices marked on the same basis, including the 40c Anderson Ginghams at 18c, and 50c Lace Ginghams at 25c.

Other Cottons come up as smilingly. 40 and 50c Crapes are 18c; 50 and 60c Crapes and Polka Dot Zephyrs are 37½c; 37½c French Organdies are 25c.

Cream All-wool Grenadine, fancy silk bordered, has been made doubly beautiful by a price touch—$1 from $1 75. Width 44 inches—only 6 yards for an ordinary dress pattern. The silk border makes an attractive trimming and finish to the Costume.

Summer-weight Black Dress Goods—everything that a complete stock ought to have. The Black All-wool Challis at 50c is the best we ever had at the price, and the 75c Black Henrietta at 50c is a marvel of quality and finish.

Black Grenadines are quite as interesting—this plaid at 60c is the usual $1.25 kind,

Como Batiste in sheerness is only a shade short of the delicate French Organdie. The unique designs and the odd colorings give it a charming individuality as a costume stuff. 10 yards ample for a dress. 25c a yard.

Pin stripes and polka dots are in high favor. Plenty of them in the indigo-dyed Canton Cloth—12½c. Canton Cloth is making friends as fast as it makes acquaintances.

Lansdowne and Gloriosa are especially fit for the Traveling Costume. Light weight, cool and pleasant, and dirt won't cling to them. A shake—and cinders and all that are gone They're the lovely Silk-and-wool sisters.

Lansdowne, 40 in., $1.25
Gloriosa, 46 in., $1.25.

Those crinkly Crapes are cool—cooler because of the crinkles. Opener to the air, looser when the fit is tight, more comfortable for hot weather than almost any other stuff. And the cost is trifling —Crapes that were 45, 50 and 60c are all at 18c now.

Navy blue Serge is one of the best of stuffs for a mountain or seaside Dress. Two of the quickest sellers are 50 inches wide and $1 or $1.25.

A shower of remnants and short pieces follow such hurricane selling as Summer Dress Goods have been going through. Sometimes full dress lengths go into the wrecked-price lots. We don't wait to sort closely, you have the benefit of every doubt. The yard or yards that will top an old skirt, or bottom an old waist, or make a handsome dress for the school girl, may be yours for a fraction of the usual cost

$2, $2 50, $3 or $3.50 will give you a wide choice for the Outing Coat.

Some of the Children's Woolen Dresses, suitable for beach or mountain are less than half early prices

From the New Book Table —may be one in ten. They give a notion of what the publishers have lately been doing. Watch that table and you'll know the whole story.

On the trip a Cravenette Ulster or Newmarket will always come handy. Showerproof Navy blue or black. $10, $12, $14

New Fiction—

Sybil Knox Ed E Hale,	$ 75
The Man in Possession Rita,	75
A Capillary Crime, etc F D. Millet,	90
Polly and Fresh Air Eden Phillpotts,	90
Tales of a Time and Place Grace King,	90
The Venetians Miss Braddon,	1 10
The Governor and Other Stories Hibbard,	75
The Reflections of a Married Man. Robert Grant,	75
The Wrong That Was Done F. W. Robinson,	75
The Marriage of Elinor Mrs. Oliphant,	75
The Wrecker Robert Louis Stevenson,	90
The Naulahka. Kipling and Balestier,	1 10
Maisie Derrick Kath Macquoid,	75
The One Good Guest Walford,	75
Vesty of the Basins Mrs Greene,	90

Miscellaneous—

The Life of Paul Revere, 2 vols,	$5 40
American Game Fishes,	2 00
Electrical Dictionary Houston,	4 00
Electricity and Magnetism, 2 vols, third edition. Clerk Maxwell,	7 20
The Claims of Decorative Art. Walter Crane,	1 70
Studies in American Architecture Montgomery Schuyler,	1 90
The Puritan in Holland, England and America, 2 vols Douglas Campbell,	3 75

Book News for July has a plate-paper portrait and sketch of Richard Harding Davis, the brilliant young author. All the usual features and a variety of matters of special interest to Philadelphians. Book News is but 5c a copy, 50c a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous.

The Latest Popular Song,

"Come Back to Mother's Home."

Music by Wm H J Wilson
Words by Frank Dumont,
of Cameross Minstrels

For sale at

W. H. J. Wilson's
MUSIC & STATIONERY STORE
Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

NEW SHOE STORE
In the 2d Ward.

J. Edward Lovett,
—Has opened a New Shoe Store, at the—
Cor. Dorrance & Wood Sts.
Where he has a large assortment of Shoes for
Men, Women and Children.
Especial attention is directed to his stock of
Men's Fine Kangaroo Shoes,
Men's Fine Patent Leather Shoes, (Congress and Laced)
Men's Fine Calf Oxford Ties,
Men's Fancy Slippers,
Ladies Fine Kid Button Turns, Ladies' Fine Kid Oxford Ties.
☞Customers will find our Styles Quality and Prices just right Repairing promptly done
J. Edward Lovett,
BRISTOL, PA

E. J. FABER,
Radcliffe
and
Dorrance Sts.
DRY GOODS & SHOES.
Reductions
in Linens, Sheets, Muslins
and Pillow Cases.
Every purchaser of Two Dollars and over will receive a Present,

SAMUEL W. BLACK,
DEALER IN
FINE ÷ GROCERIES!
FRUITS
AND PROVISIONS.
TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED
COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Spring.
All kinds of Seasonable Goods in our line constantly on hand.
Lawn Mowers, Fly Wire,
Door and Window Screen,
Ice-cream Freezers, Coolers, &c.
—AT THE—
NEW HARDWARE STORE,
Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
J. Quicksall & Son.

Albert Baker,
DEALER IN
ICE.
Orders for same Promptly attended to.
BRISTOL, PA.

ICE COLD
Soda Water,
AS COLD AS YOU WANT IT,
At COLLINS',
No. 317 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., June 14th, 1892

In conformity with an Act of Assembly approved May 7th, 1891, designating Legal Holidays and Half Holidays in the State of Pennsylvania, this Bank will close at TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON, on every Saturday from and including the 15th day of June, until and including the 15th day of September, and all bills, checks, drafts and promissory notes due and payable on any such Saturday must be paid before twelve o'clock noon of that day

All paper maturing on the Fourth day of July and the first Monday of September will be due and payable at or before twelve o'clock noon of the Saturday preceding.

CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier.

Miscellaneous

A. F. Yeutter,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.
RADCLIFFE STREET,
Near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

Groceries
In Great Variety and CHEAP
AT FOSTER'S.
Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords
Fruits and Vegetables in Season.
Edward H. Foster,
The DORRANCE STREET GROCER

Robert Clark,
Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,
No. 28 Radcliffe St.
Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order. Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to

COAL
Highest Grades of
FAMILY FLOUR
FEED, ETC.
—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.
PIONEER COAL YARD,
(Established 1837)
Walter F. Leedom,
529 to 535 Bath St,
BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES WRIGHT,
BRISTOL, PA
The Largest and Best Selected stock in Bristol of
Dress Goods, Linings, Trimmings and Notions A full line of
CARPETS,
Embracing Moquettes, Wiltons, Velvets, Brussels, Tapastries & Ingrains, Mattings, Linoleums, Oil-cloth, (table and floor)
Groceries, Crockery and Queensware in variety.
Agent for Standard Dress Patterns.
Radcliffe and Market Sts.

Angus York,
Contractor and Builder,
Cor. Cedar and Mulberry Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA
HOUSES FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS
HOUSES built to order.
☞ESTIMATES FURNISHED.
The most extensive growers and retailers of Plants in eastern Pennsylvania. Nearly two acres. Solid in Pot and Flower Plants. More than we ever had before. More than all the florists in Bucks county. Our Plants the best and cheapest. An examination of stock and prices will convince you. Flower Beds prepared and filled Gardening in all its branches.
Our Cut Flower Department produces the best Boquets and Designs of every description, cheapest and best. Tomato, Egg, Pepper and Celery plants for sale. The largest and oldest Florist Establishment in Bucks county.
DeWitt Bros.,
Pond St., above Walnut,
Bristol, Pa.

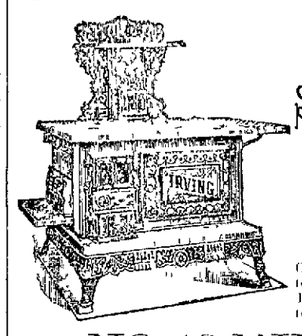
Miscellaneous

AT LIPPINCOTT'S
SOMETHING NEW!
TRULY THE WOMANS FRIEND.
The Augite Stove Mat.
Food of any kind when cooked on this MAT does not require stirring, and will not scorch or burn
DIRECTIONS—Before using FIRST time, place on hot stove for ten minutes ☞One of the greatest discoveries of the age No stirring for oat meal, rice, custards, blanch mange, jellies, butters, cat sups, apple or other sauces, etc In fact nothing will burn on it. Coffee or milk will not boil over if cooked on this MAT TRY IT and be convinced Bread will toast nicely on it. For sale at
LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St, Bristol.

Hard to Beat.
The New Improved——
Philadelphia Washer,
ANTI-FRICTION MOVEMENT
With Drop Rack for Tub



The New Improved Philadelphia Washing Machine, (made by the Restein Manufacturing Company) of Philadelphia, is the best, easiest, quickest and most nobby machine ever offered to the public for its cleansing power, and wherever sold gives universal satisfaction It is truly
Housekeeper's Friend.
What is Claimed for It.
It will wash perfectly clean the finest fabrics as well as the coarsest of clothes It is the only machine that will wash wristbands, collars, neckbands and stockings, and the only machine that will turn the sleeves and the garments inside out without the aid of the hand Use judgment and use me right and I will make them white
A trial free of charge will give you a knowledge of its genuine merits
These machines can be seen at the Bristol Cash Grocery, 329 Walnut Street, Bristol
J. Curtis Howell, Agent
For the RESTEIN Manufacturing Co. of Bristol and surrounding country



Lewis J. Bevan,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
—AND—
House Furnishing Goods.
Now is the proper time to invest in a first class Gasoline Stove Tin Roofing a Specialty Custom work done in tin sheet iron copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly Stove repairs of all kinds
NO. 10 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL PA

Large and Varied Stock!
YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF
-SLIPPERS-
Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you. Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.
Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.
T. A. FARLEY.

Swithin C. Shortlidge's Media Academy.
Media, Pa., near Philada.
School Opens Sept. 24th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Circulars Free.
JAMES H MASON KNOX D D LL D President of Lafayette College, writes —Mr SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his faithfulness and skill as an instructor I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation
CHAS A SCHAEFER, Dean of Cornell University N Y writes —I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such I am very sincerely yours
DR WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania writes —I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania shows that your School affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade
PRES JAMES McCOSH D D President of Princeton University, writes —I have examined with care the course of studies pursued at SWITHIN C SHORTLIDGE'S SCHOOL, Media Pa and I find it to be admirable Mr SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of fine boys well prepared
PRESIDENT PATTON of Harvard University writes —You have supplied us with the best possible evidence of the excellency of your school in preparing young men well fitted to do those well the practical and successful which you certainly deserve

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50¢

J. W. McBride,
DEALER IN
Fine -:- Groceries!
BUTTER and CHEESE
From the Best Dairies
CANNED GOODS in Variety
Goods Delivered Promptly
Corner Wood and Dorrance Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

Wm. M. Downing, Jr.,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FLOUR!
FEED, GRAIN, SEEDS,
BALED HAY, &c.
All goods sold at lowest cash prices Try the celebrated Climax Flour.
☞Orders delivered promptly in all parts of the town.
Nos. 314 & 316 Mill St.,
BRISTOL, PA
GEO. W. LOUDERBOUGH,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.
Residence, No. 68 Bath Street,
BRISTOL, PA

Teachers' Examination.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION FOR Teachers in Bristol Borough, will be held Saturday, June 18th, 1892, commencing at 9 00 o'clock, A M Only applicants for positions will be examined

MATILDA S BOOZ,
Supt of Schools

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1892

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 3.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.10, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15, 10.00 A. M., 1.15, 1.10, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.40 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and closes at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 6.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 1.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9 27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10 26, A. M. *12.01, 12 25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6 21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.19, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, 8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

Delaware River Transportation Company.

Increased Steam Boat Service Between Bristol and Philadelphia.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner and Twilight

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 7.00, 7.15 10.00 and 11 10 A. M. 2, 1 and 5 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 7 30, 9.30 and 11.15 A. M. 2, 3. 1.30 and 6 P. M.

SUNDAYS—Leave Bristol at 8.15, 10.30 A. M. 3 and 6 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia at 8 30 A. M. 2.00, 2.30 and 6.00 P. M.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bordentown at 7 00 A. M., Penns Manor 7 20, Florence 7 40, Tullytown 7.50, Bristol 8 15 and Eddington 8 30 for Philadelphia. Returning, leave Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 3 00 P. M. Sundays—Leave Bristol for Phila. at 9 a. m. Leave Phila. for Bristol at 6.30 p. m. Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—The public schools will re-open on September 6.

—The new freight depot is to be a wooden structure 150x30 feet.

—St. Mark's church netted $750 at their Fourth of July pic-nic at Bicycle Park.

—A cow belonging to James Thompson was struck by a train at South Bristol on Tuesday and killed.

—The Eddington Presbyterian church will hold a festival on the church lawn on Saturday evening.

—The Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday-schools will have a pic-nic at Walnut Grove, Andalusia, on next Thursday.

—The Republican Pioneer Corps of Bristol have arranged for their first annual pic-nic at Chestnut Grove, on Saturday, August 13.

—At the monthly meeting of the Union Building and Loan Company, last Monday evening, five loans were sold at 18 cents monthly premium.

—The Philadelphia Presiding Elder District Conference will meet in Wood St. A. M. E. church, Bristol, on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19 and 20. The exercises will be interesting.

—There was a large fire in Morrisville last Saturday evening. The fire originated in the barn attached to the Robert Morris hotel and several barns, sheds and a dwelling were destroyed and two other dwellings damaged. The loss will foot up about $25,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—Commissioner George L. Mahan was in Bristol, last Saturday, selecting places for voting under the new ballot law. All the old places were too small for the new system. The places selected are: First ward, the frame annex to the Delaware House on Radcliffe street; Second ward, the stone building on the corner of Pond and Lafayette; Third ward, Mohican Hall; Fourth ward, the new Hibernian Hall.

—The much looked-for moonlight excursion of Liberty Cornet Band of Bristol, came off as announced on last Friday evening. About 350 persons availed themselves of a beautiful moonlight night. The steamer Twilight left Mill street wharf at 8.30 o'clock, with a jolly party bent on having a good time. There was no intoxicating drinks sold on the boat, the band having a temperance stand from which they sold ice cream, cakes, sandwiches and soft drinks. Dancing was indulged in, and during the intermissions the band enlivened the excursionists with music. When turning on the home run at Greenwich Point, off Gloucester, the silvery rays of the moon with the town of Gloucester illuminated with electric lights, made a sight which was admired by all. Much credit is due the committe having the excursion in charge for good order. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of those on board. The excursion will net the band about $50, which will be used in purchasing the balance of their suits.

—A bag of clay thrown from the 8.35 express train killed Samuel Fabian, 33 years of age, of Bristol, at the Margaretta street crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Frankford, yesterday morning. Fabian was a carpenter employed by the railroad company. Workmen at that point have been engaged in grading the street to remove a dangerous grade crossing, and an iron bridge is being built there. The clay was intended for a furnace used in heating the bolts and other iron for the bridge. The bag of clay struck Fabian on the head and neck, and he dropped like a log. His neck was broken by the blow, and death was instantaneous. The dead man leaves a wife and four children.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Emily N. Perkins is in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Miss Kate Doran is visiting friends in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Fanny Landreth is visiting relatives in Yonkers, N. Y.

W. P. Pray, of Rancocas, N. J., was in Bristol, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Tredick, of Germantown, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Emlen Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fenimore started yesterday on a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blake, of New York, spent a few days this week with the Misses Laing.

Miss Bessie Paxson, of Langhorne, has been the guest the past week of Mrs. Frank Abbott.

Mrs. Margaret S. Sargent and her daughter, Mrs. Roberts D. Jones, are visiting in Rutherford, N. J.

The Misses Smith, of New York, have been the guests this week of Mrs William Grant, at Bloomsdale.

Dr. N. P. Weaver has returned from a trip to Niagara Falls, Lockport and other towns in Northern New York.

Mr. William Roberts and Miss Rhoda Roberts left yesterday for Niagara Falls, Watkins Glen and other resorts.

BASE BALL.

The Burlington team came over on Saturday greatly strengthened by the addition of Lansing, McLearn and West to down the home team. Smith occupied the box for Bristol, while Massey, of Tacony, played behind the bat in a creditable manner. Smith pitched a slow, drop ball, which puzzled the Jerseymen, much to the amusement of the grand stand patrons. Byers deserves credit for his impartial umpiring, although much dissatisfaction has been expressed by the frequenters of the ball field. The batting of R. Coleman, Massey, Mahan and Humphries was excellent. Coleman did good work in the field and Humphries, as short stop, was "all over the ground," when wanted. In fact the entire team was "in it," and are now playing good ball. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Humphries, ss.	2	2	3	4	0
J. Smith, p.	0	2	0	3	0
Massey, c.	1	1	10	1	1
Mahan, rf.	1	2	0	0	0
R. Coleman, lf.	1	2	2	0	0
Hoeding, 3b.	1	0	2	2	1
Richert, 1b	1	1	8	0	0
McDonnell, 2b.	0	0	2	1	0
F. Smith, cf.	1	0	0	1	1
Totals,	8	10	27	12	3

BURLINGTON.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 2b.	0	0	8	3	0
Lansing, c.	0	2	9	3	0
Vesga, 3b.	2	1	1	1	0
West, lf.	0	2	2	0	1
Sowers, ss.	0	1	0	0	0
Gibson, 1b.	0	1	4	0	1
Thompson, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Sopher, rf.	0	0	0	1	3
McLearn, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	2	7	*26	9	5

*J. Smith hit by batted ball.

INNINGS

Bristol,	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	2	0	—8
Burlington,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	—2

Earned runs—Bristol, 3; Burlington, 2. Struck out—Humphries, Massey, Mahan, 2; Hoeding, Richert, F. Smith, Kelly, 3; Vesga, Sowers, Sopher, McLearn. Bases stolen, Humphries, 5; Hoeding, 1. Time—1.56. Umpire—Byers.

The game on Saturday next promises to be one of great interest, as the Roebling club is the champion amateur team of New Jersey. They have been strengthened since playing here. Why not give them a warm reception by a large attendance, and see Humphries steal bases and "fowls."

The management of the Bristol ball club has gone to a big expense to get the A. C. S. N. to play a game on August 3rd. The A. C. S. N. is a strong team and the boys will have to use their skill to down them.

On the 30th of July, Bristol plays at Burlington. The excitement between these two clubs has been aroused, and this game will be for blood. The Burlington team has been much strengthened by the addition of new players.

John Coleman has been appointed captain of the Bristol team, and manager John Smith is placing his men in proper position on the nine to make a winning team from all comers.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

The regular monthly session of Council was held in the Council Chamber last Monday evening.

The committee on Streets and Highways reported work to the amount of $66.25 had been done during the preceding month.

The Police committee reported that the order of the town, considering the fact that the 4th of July had intervened during the preceding report, had been satisfactory. There were 12 arrests made and 28 tramps lodged in the station house. A special policeman for each ward had been put on duty during the 4th of July.

The Sanitary committee reported that the sewage at the corner of Bath and Howell streets needed attention and recommended that the fire plug in that vicinity be opened once a week and the sewer there be flushed; the committee recommended the re-employment of the present collector of garbage, stating that his work had been satisfactory, and also recommended the changing of dates for the collection of garbage as follows: Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the First and Second wards, and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in the Third and Fourth wards.

The Burgess reported in the matter of the claim of the Pennsylvania Railroad that he had made strenuous efforts to get from them a basis of settlement. He said he had had a great many interviews with the representatives of the company but could not obtain any offer of compensation that he would be willing to present to Council and ask them to accept.

In reply to a question from councilman Kelly he said that the company claimed that they had receved bids to do the work for which the railroad was liable for $113, and that they offered to settle for $250. The amount paid by the preceding Council for this work was $1200. On motion of J. R. Grundy that matter was left in the hands of the Burgess.

The Finance committee were directed to make a final settlement with the delinquent tax collector and report at the next meeting.

The clerk was instructed to communicate with the ward constables and demand a report in connection with the warrants they hold.

A communication from Jos. Crawford, Superintendent of the N. Y. division of the P. R. R. stated that Mill street crossing would not be blocked by freight except in unavoidable cases.

The Finance committee recommended the appropriation of $24 for the placing of a lamp on Swain street.

An ordinance providing for the curbing and paving of certain portions of Penn street was read and laid over under the rules, until the next meeting of Council.

The proper borough officers were authorized to execute an agreement on the part of the borough providing for the lessening of the water way of the canal at Jefferson Avenue from 22 to 18 feet.

On motion the Sanitary committee were authorized to make a contract with John Longstreth for the gathering of garbage for one year.

On motion the Street committee were instructed to notify John Dorrance to have the pavements and curbing of his property at the corner of Pond and Lafayette streets put in proper repair.

A complaint from Thomas DeWitt of an offensive pig-pen in his locality, was referred to the Sanitary committee for action.

A request for three fire hydrants on Pine street and one on Corson street was referred to the committee on Streets and Highways, to report at next meeting.

Bills amounting to $1,037.35 were read and warrants directed to be drawn.

Council then adjourned

HOW TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF THE QUESTION AT HOMESTEAD.

The anarchistic press upholding the rioters' seizure of the Carnegie property may get a clearer view of the truth, if they will consider a reversal of the circumstances at Homestead.

In Homestead many of the workmen, we believe, own their homes, just as Mr. Carnegie owns the mills. Suppose that the members of the company, outnumbering the workmen, had seized upon these houses, the property of their employees, and had sworn that if the latter refused to agree to their terms, they would keep possession of them in defiance of law; and that the Sheriff, seeking to restore the houses to their rightful owners, as he was bound to do, had been turned away with threats of violence and his proclamation against riot torn down.

Would not the Carnegie Company have been damned by the voice of every honest citizen of the United States? Would not the entire press, depraved and honest, decent or anarchistic, blind or farseeing, fanatical or sober, have let loose its denunciation upon the outrage, upon this atrocious invasion of the rights of property and individual liberty? Would not the poltroon who presides as Governor over the State of Pennsylvania have sent the entire military of the State by the first train to see that justice was done in Homestead?

Suppose the Homestead employees themselves, after an attempt by the authorities to vindicate the law had failed had marched to the doors of their homes and demanded entrance, and, upon being threatened with the guns of the company, had defended themselves with fury. Would not every man with a spark of spirit in his heart have said that these locked-out owners were fighting in defence of the first principle of civilized society, fighting for their sacred and inalienable rights?

There is no need of asking such questions. Of course they would. Yet this same course of action, with the actors changing sides, is what has been seen at Homestead and which has received at least for a time the rabid vilification of certain newspapers which thought they could make a dollar out of it, and of misguided workingmen who have handed over their judgment and their loyalty to law and liberty to the keeping of venomous and demagogical leaders.

A terrible outrage has been committed at Homestead, and on every spot where these outrages have been sustained. Mr. Carnegie's money or personality has nothing to do with it. He may be the devil himself; but even the devil must have his due. Stand by the right!—N. Y. Sun.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Services at the Baptist church Sunday, July 17th, is as follows: At 9.15 a. m., Sunday-school, F. B. Booz, Superintendent. At 10.30 preaching by the pastor, subject, "Divine Diamonds." At 7.45 p. m., sermon, subject, "The Pharisee of To-day." Everybody is invited to all these services.

BRISTOL, PA., July 11, '92.

ED. GAZETTE:—I notice that the School Board has been advancing some of the teachers' salaries. Nobody can object to this if it is done wisely. The teachers ought to be paid fairly, but not more than they are worth. It would be easy to go too far in this direction. Even if the State has been liberal with its appropriation, it does not follow that School Boards should be extravagant. The money comes out of the people's pockets first of all before it gets into the State Treasury, and the people have a right to be jealous about its use. They are always impatient in regard to wasteful or unwise extravagance. The directors would do well to call a halt. It may be that they are right as far as they have gone, but they might easily go a step too far. It would be well for voters to keep an eye on them.

ALERT.

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves.")
The poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.—
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once and was well in a week

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

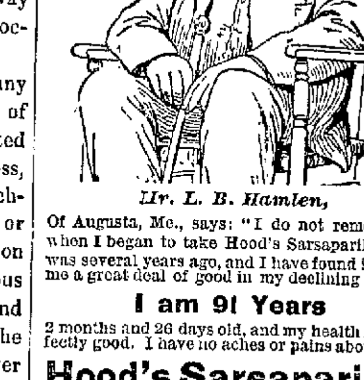
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

☞S. T. Valentine, the well known sign painter, at No. 53 Radcliffe street, is now prepared to put the new numbers on dwellings and business houses, from a fancy gold number on the transom to a cheap one on tin. All work done at the lowest possible prices. Samples furnished.

☞Houseworth, Specialist on the Eye, will be at the jewelry store of B. C. Foster, corner of Mill and Wood streets, on Wednesday, July 20th, between 9 a. m. and 5 o'clock, p. m., to examine eyes free of charge.

DR. ELLA R. SHINN,
DENTIST,
No. 50 Bath Street, Bristol,

Is at her office every day to receive her patients for all dental work. Dr. T. S. Heineken will be at her office, on Wednesday morning for painless extracting of teeth.



Mr. L. B. Hamlen,

Of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years.

I am 91 Years

2 months and 26 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and **helps me to sleep well.** I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well suited to the wants of **old people.**" L. B. HAMLEN, Elm Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 26, 1891.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

AN ATHLETIC SPORT WHICH ONE SHOULD BEGIN EARLY.

Swimming Brings Into Use More Muscles Than Any Other Exercise—The Methods of One Successful Teacher. Points That Will Help Many.

Every boy should learn to swim. To be a good swimmer it is in most cases necessary that a man should have learned when he was a small boy.

Never frighten a very small child with the idea of getting him used to the water. A good deal of harm is done by parents "ducking" children who don't want to go in the water. I see full grown, strong men who can never be at home in the water because they were frightened this way when children.

I have classes at the New York Athletic club for boys, mostly the sons of members, and I will tell you how I go to work with them.

Of course the breast stroke is the first stroke taught. That is the simplest and most natural way of swimming, being practically an imitation of the frog's method. In it the legs do nearly all the propulsion and the arms merely keep the body up.

For the first three lessons I usually teach a pupil how to work his legs. In swimming a set of leg muscles are brought into use which are not required in any terrestrial sport. The legs consequently feel stiff and sore at first and should not be overworked. It is a good thing to use a gymnastic apparatus bringing these muscles, which are inside the thighs, into play.

The instruction in leg movements is given to the pupil while he holds onto the edge of the bath. He must open his legs wide in sending them out and turn his toes out. The two legs should describe an oval figure, not quite complete, as the heels should not come together. Those who teach themselves to swim often have a downward motion of the legs—what we call a double club action—which hinders them very much. The inside of the legs, and not the shins, should strike the water. If you cannot understand this go to the frog and learn.

In bringing the legs back the feet should be straightened out so as to nearly form a line with the leg. Holding the feet at right angles to the legs hinders greatly.

In the fourth lesson the pupil learns the arm movements. He goes through them twenty times or so out of the water and then he goes into the water with a belt round his chest, to which is attached a line and pole, which I hold. In working his arms he must be taught to keep his fingers together and his hands flat on the water. The arms should be drawn back until the shoulder blades touch and no further. He must lie nearly flat on the water. The tendency to kick the heels out of water is easily checked. One cannot swim properly with the legs nearly in the position for treading water.

In the course of two or three lessons with the belt and pole a pupil learns to swim a few strokes by himself. A good meaty boy can be taught, as a rule, in a much shorter time than a lean one. I have had a boy learn to swim in two lessons. Ten is the number more often needed. The beginner must breathe through his mouth, not his nose.

A boy under my care usually spends five minutes in the water at the first lesson and five additional minutes at every other lesson until he reaches a maximum of about three-quarters of an hour.

The next thing to do is to teach him to dive. My plan is to make him stand on the edge of the bath and fall in head foremost. This is better than making him stand upright and fall flat on his stomach in the water. He straightens himself out gradually till he can stand upright and dive properly. In diving he must stretch out his feet behind so that he may not make a second splash with them after the fore part of his body has entered the water. He must also keep those feet stretched out when he is in the water. If the feet are held at right angles to the legs they take three or four yards from the length of the dive.

The boy is next taught to float, which is practically doing the breast stroke on the back. I don't teach them any stroke but the breast until they can swim about half a mile. The first stroke then to be taught is the side. This is an advance on the breast stroke, because the arms give more assistance to the legs in making progress.

Then comes the overhand stroke. A man swimming this stroke bears some resemblance to a porpoise, and it is as superior to the breast stroke as the action of the porpoise is to that of the frog.

In swimming the overhand stroke a man turns usually on his right side. He sends forward his right arm, sends out his legs and sends back his left arm, with hand flat against the water at the same time. When he prepares to draw in his legs and his right arm he takes his left arm, which he has carried back as far as possible, out of the water and brings it in front of his head. This arm should be brought forward with bent elbow and with the point of the arm held so as to offer least resistance to air or spray.

There are two or three kinds of overhand strokes. There is the familiar English one. In this the taking of the arm out of the water causes the body to sink, and three-quarters of every yard traveled is spent with the face under water. This is a splendid stroke for making time, but is very difficult. Moreover, the swimmer is liable to run his head into an obstacle because he cannot see three-fourths of the time.

I teach what is sometimes called the Sundstrom stroke and it obviates the last unpleasantness. I saw it used by the Indians on the Columbia river in 1869. The difference between this and the other is that the swimmer brings back his right arm with a downward motion, while the left arm is raised in the air. That downward motion keeps up the body, so that at least the left eye remains out of water. Not quite such good time can be made with this as with the English stroke.

Another thing to be done is to teach the boys to see under water. Nine out of ten ordinary swimmers close their eyes under water, as they should not. I make a boy get under water and count his fingers, holding them at first against his face and then at arm's length. I have boys who can pick up half a dozen nickels at the bottom of twenty feet of water. They can also get down to the bottom, starting from the surface of the water, which is a deal harder than starting with a dive.

Finally, let me say that swimming is a very fine athletic sport. There is none that brings so many muscles into use at once, and there is therefore no more thorough exercise. It is true that a man requires plenty of meat and warm blood to swim a great deal. A lean man has his advantages in making time, but if he swims to the extent of his muscular capacity he is liable to get chilled.—Gus Sundstrom in New York World.

THE proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once. 50c.

I HAD catarrh of the head and throat for five years. I used Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell, which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only satisfactory remedy for catarrh, and it has effected a cure in my case.—H. L. Meyer, Waverly, N. Y.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The Summer Term opens August 1st., in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogues address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.

Bucklens' Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the system.

Shiloh's Cough Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K. Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

SUGGESTION FOR THE SUMMER TRIP.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska.

The trip is made with the highest degree of comfort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carry dining cars and luxurious Pullman sleeping cars from Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis to Montana and the Pacific coast, without change, and special Pullman sleepers from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park.

The scenery en route is the most magnificent to be found in the seven states through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow each other in rapid succession to delight the tourist, who will also find interest in the agricultural, mining, lumbering, industrial and other interests associated with the development of the great Northwest.

The crowning glory of the trip through the Northwest, however, is the visit to Yellowstone Park, the land of hot springs, geysers and gorgeous canons, and to Alaska with its endless ocean channels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and giant glaciers.

If you wish to investigate this suggestion further send to Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., for copies of the handsomely illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Jno. K. Young's Drug Store. Large size, 50c. and $1.00.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

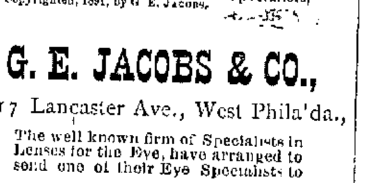
Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K. Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

A Much-Married Woman.

Mrs. Fowler, of this city, was married last January to her sixth husband, and strange as it may seem, five of them have died exactly two years after their marriage day. Her present husband has been sick four months with chronic jaundice, and was given up by four of our best physicians; as a last resort he began using Sulphur Bitters, and yesterday told our reporter that they had saved his life, smilingly saying that he guessed Mrs. Fowler would not be able to take a seventh better half for some to come.—Exchange.

Miscellaneous



G. E. JACOBS & CO.,

4217 Lancaster Ave., West Phila'da.,

The well known firm of Specialists in Lenses for the Eye, have arranged to send one of their Eye Specialists to

BRISTOL,

He will be at A. E. BAYLIES' Jewelry Store, on

TUESDAY, JULY 26th,

From 9 a. m to 5 p m.

The reputation of this firm is too well established for comment, so those whose eyes need attention have a rare opportunity of having a thorough and scientific examination free of charge.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

J. Everett Wright, February 1, 1892, now to the use of Anna R. Gregal, (by order of Harman Yerkes, Pres't. Judge) now to the use of Dr. H. P. Yerkes, vs. W. Sherman Wright. — No. 39, June Term, 1892. Pluries Fi. Fa.

THE undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County to make distribution of the sum of Three Thousand One Hundred and Seventeen Dollars and Sixty-two Cents, made upon the above stated execution and paid into Court, to and among the persons legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties interested for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment at the Arbitration Room in the Court House in the Borough of Doylestown in said County on Thursday, the eleventh day of August A. D., 1892, at eleven o'clock, A. M. of said day, when and where they may attend if they see proper.

B. F. GILKESON, Auditor.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous

E. M. Eldridge's

Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts., IS THE PLACE FOR

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Try a can of Roast Beef, (A Luxury,) Twenty cents a can.

When in need of goods in my line, I will be pleased to fill you a trial order.

Our Motto: "Good Goods — Low Prices."

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Rogers Bros. A No. 1 Silver-Plated Ware, 8-Day Clocks in Walnut, Oak and Black Enamel Wood, $4 to $10.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Do you want any Printing?

THE attention of the public is directed to the fact that the Job Department of the GAZETTE office is better equipped in all the material that is needed to do excellent printing, than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, any other establishment in lower Bucks County.

If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

For good work!

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety.

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R. Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

For quick work!

WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. **Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

The Gazette office, Bristol, Pa.



Best Made Clothing in Philadelphia.

Our Serges will enable you to keep cool. They are in blue, black and grey, and range from $10 to $25. The $14 suit is a happy medium and very popular, combining style, durability and everything requisite for comfort.

A breezy line of Negligee Shirts White and Fancy Flannel Coats, Black and Fancy Alapacas, at moderate cost.

Everybody is getting onto our Bathing Suits—before long everybody will be getting into them.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

13th and Chestnut streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMMA CUTLER, Dec'd, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES MYERS, SR., deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

GEORGE S. MYERS,
JOHN B. MYERS,
Executors.

Or their Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SAMUEL ROBINSON, deceased, late of Bristol Township, Bucks Co., Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

CLEMSON ROBINSON, Adm'r.
Llanwellyn, Delaware county, Pa., or
E. R. HELLINGS,
Edgely, Bucks county, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN LAVERTY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

WM. H. SMITH, Executor

A. Weir Gilkeson, Atty.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHERINE BOYLE, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

DR. F. J. GROOM,
JAMES ROGERS,
Executors.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PHILIP CALLAHAN, deceased, late Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES WRIGHT, Administrator.

Gilkeson & Wright, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MORRIS NEWMAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

WILLIAM FERNSON, Administrator.

Or JOHN C. STUCKERT, his Attorney. apr11-6t

Notice for Proposals to Build Road-bed.

SEALED PROPOSALS for Macadamizing Bath street, Bristol, Pa., from the North crossing at Otter street to the North crossing at Buckley street, a distance of about nine hundred feet, and a width of about thirty-six feet between gutters, will be received by the undersigned until noon of the 15th day of July, 1892.

Foundation material now in to be used in the new work, but to be picked up, properly relaid, and rebroken if necessary. Road-bed to be finished with crown at center, eleven inches above bottom of gutter at curb line.

Trap rock stone to be used, three inches of one and a-half inch on foundation, and two inches of course screenings for finishing course.

Surface to be properly wetted and rolled with not less than ten ton roller.

Contractor to furnish reliable bond conditioned for the proper execution of the work and keeping in repair for one year. The distances herein given are only approximate and do not bind the Borough.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

JOHN N. DEGROOT,
Chairman of Com. on Streets and Highways.
Bristol, Pa., June 1, 1892.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, to distribute the balance, to wit, $560.80, in the hands of John C. Stuckert, Trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County to make sale of the real estate of Peter Brady, late of Bristol township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties in interest for the purpose of fulfilling the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Bristol, in said County of Bucks, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, the 23d of July, A. D. 1892.

B. F. GILKESON, Auditor.

Miscellaneous

LOST.

Last week, on Cedar Street, between Market and Dorrance Streets, a GOLD BRACELET. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to the GAZETTE OFFICE.

S. W. GROFF,

DEALER IN

Fine - Groceries,

PROVISIONS, MEATS,

Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc.

45 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY!

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A New Industry.

The undersigned are prepared to undertake all kinds of Electro-Plating in Nickel, Silver and Gold. Also, Electric Bell Work of every description.

ARDREY BROS.,

Pond Street.

WILLIAM GRACE,

18 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

WALL PAPERS.

Best Selection in the county, at Lowest Market Prices.

WINDOW SHADES.

A full stock ready-made and made to order.

PAPER HANGING a Specialty.

Headquarters for French Tissue Papers.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

EL VAQUERO.

"Ave Maria," a herder said,
One eve in sight of Santa Fe,
Where ground and blanket were his bed,
And all around his cattle lay.

"Ave Maria, full of grace"—
How strangely solemn were the words,
In such a wild and dreary place
Beneath the stars, among the herds.

"Santa Maria, Mother of God"—
Angel like breezes came to take
The words thus spoken from the sod
To yonder sky while yet he spake.

"Pray for us sinners now," said he,
With earnest hope to be forgiven,
While distant hills all seemed to be
Steps leading from the plains to heaven.

"Pray for us in the hour of death"—
And softly still the murmuring came,
Until at last the fleeing breath
Ceased with the sweet and holy name.

"Ave Maria," no more he said,
That eve in sight of Santa Fe;
When morning came a herder dead
Was found there where his cattle lay.

—J. C. Burnett.

UNDER A CLOUD.

I was stopping at Lakeside when I met Dr. Leonard, and in response to his invitations spent many pleasant hours in his cozy bachelor apartments. One evening after returning from a patient and seating himself before the fire to the enjoyment of a last cigar before retiring for the night he told me the following story:

A few years ago I left the care of my patients in the hands of a brother physician and went down to my old home in the western part of New York to settle up the remainder of the business connected with my father's estate. It proved much more troublesome than I expected and detained me in the old place for several weeks. During that time I was a guest at a farmhouse at the edge of the village, where an old friend of the family resided.

According to the good custom of the people in that section of the country all the attaches of the farm were counted as members of the household and dined together at the same large table. It was early harvest time and the family was increased by a number of temporary farm help who were hired for the busy part of the season. Among these was a young fellow about twenty, of fair complexion, broad intelligent brow, but of a cast of countenance expressive of deep melancholy.

The men were a jovial set and filled in the bits of leisure at mealtime and after the day's work was over in recounting their numerous experiences. This man, however, never shared in their hilarity, but sat silently apart in a dark portion of the room until time for retiring. I inquired who he was, and was told that his name was Dave; they had never learned his surname; in fact, they had never asked about it.

Dave had come early in May and had engaged for the season. He was an excellent worker, they testified, but very reticent, never speaking except in answer to a question or when it was an absolute necessity to ask one. He was kind to the animals, clever in taking hold of any new kind of work and very industrious, often performing more than two good men. They did not understand him, but hoped that he could be hired for another season.

I became deeply interested in this Dave, and resolved to make a study of his character and, if possible, win him over to a more cheerful view of life. I began to address him whenever we met on various topics concerning his works, but, although I received courteous answers, was wholly unable to get him into conversation. He seemed to be brooding over some painful idea that refused him a moment's respite. I noticed the restive, nervous energy with which he worked, as if only the most laborious effort could keep down an inward demon of thought.

He continually wore a look of depression, and sometimes in the dim light of the corner where he sat after the day's work was done I fancied I perceived tears in his eyes and a look of agony on his face, but he said nothing. I began to think that he was one of those enigmatic beings upon whose spirit some hidden disease had shed an eternal melancholy, and that perhaps there was no concrete cause for his reticence and gloom.

One day the sun arose warmer than usual, and by noon the air had become so charged with heat and moisture as to render physical exertion almost impossible. After dinner the men lay down in the shade of the cool maples and declared their unwillingness to do anything further until late in the afternoon. They would make up for lost time after sundown. Dave, however, took his fork as usual and started for the field, and when the old farmer called and urged him to wait until the worst of the midday heat had worn away he only shook his head and answered that he didn't mind the heat.

Later, when the men went back to their work, they found Dave lying in the burning sun as though dead. They brought him to the house and placed him under my care. For many days afterward his life hung in a balance and only the most careful nursing prevented the shock from proving fatal. Much of the time he was delirious and in the ravings of his disordered mind I learned something of his past history. He often cried out:

"Elsie, I didn't do the deed, but they will hang me; yes, they will hang me, for they heard me say that I would kill him. I didn't mean what I said and I didn't do it. Elsie, don't you believe me? Come back, Elsie, come back, come back!" and in his frantic eagerness I had to hold him down by force. His voice became almost pathetic as he pleaded for Elsie not to turn away with that look of horror on her face. "It is not the hanging, Elsie," he often cried out. "I could easily die if it were not that you believe me guilty. Oh, that wretched threat and that wretched quarrel; but I tell you, Elsie, that I am innocent." Sometimes he would grow quiet and murmur softly, "I knew, dear Elsie, that you would believe me innocent."

One morning he opened his eyes, and I saw by his look that reason had returned. He asked what had happened, and I told him that he had been very ill. "Are you the doctor?" he asked, "and whose house is this? I was never in this room before." I evaded the simple question by telling him that he was with friends and that he must keep quiet and talk and think as little as possible until he grew stronger. He promised to obey and lay back on his pillow. I looked in a few minutes later and found him sleeping calmly with a smile on his face.

He began to convalesce after this, but the old look returned and checked somewhat the progress of returning health. One afternoon I said: "Dave, I want to be your friend. You are in trouble. I knew that something was making you unhappy before you became ill, but during your illness I heard you refer to the cause. Do not be afraid, but tell me all and I may be able to help you." He opened his honest blue eyes with a look so sad that I pitied him as I had never done before.

"Dr. Leonard," said he, "did you learn that I am suspected of murdering an old friend and that if I should be discovered here there is circumstantial evidence enough to convict me, although I really committed no crime? I had an intimate friend of the name of Iveson, and his sister had promised to be my wife. My parents were dead, and I lived with my uncle not far from the Iveson mansion. Everything went well with George Iveson and me until after my engagement with Elsie.

"I was poor. The Ivesons were wealthy. My father had betrayed a trust and the blow killed my mother. Father died while serving his time, and I was left to the care of an uncle whose reputation was bad. My life had been very unhappy until I met George Iveson. He did not treat me like the rest, but invited me to his home, and there I met Elsie. She was a beautiful girl, and her sympathy for my loneliness grew to love and we were very happy.

"It was some time before George learned about it, but we thought he ought to know, and it was decided that I should tell him. George was feeling moody the day I chose to disclose our secret, and at the news flew into a fearful rage, taunted me with the ill name of my parents and said that no such blot should ever be cast on his family. He said that I had betrayed the friendship he had given me from pity and because he believed I was trying to do right, but he was mistaken and we were friends no longer. At first I tried to be reasonable, but when he spoke of my parents I lost all restraint and we exchanged many bitter words. He swore that he would fix it so that I should never marry Elsie, and I said, 'If you do I will kill you.' I was in a threatening attitude when I spoke these words and frenzied with rage. They were heard by some passers by, and among them by Joe Wilkinson, a man who bore me an old family grudge.

"I went to bed early that evening, but was unable to sleep and about midnight I arose and left the house. My head throbbed violently as I picked my way along the stony road leading to the river, where there is a deep gorge and a waterfall. I found a resting place on the edge of the precipice and tried to descry the bottom through the dim light. The clouds were scudding across the sky driven by a raw, damp wind, which swept through the gorge and kept the trees above moaning, as if bewailing with me the loss of friends. I remained in the place until daylight broke and the sun dissipated the chilly gray of the east; then I started back toward my uncle's house.

"I turned through a neighbor's field, the same that had heard my threat, but before I reached the road on the other side a savage voice called for me to halt. I stopped and turned back in surprise. What was my horror when I reached the spot where the man was to see George Iveson lying on the stony ground dead. There was an ugly wound on his head, as if struck a heavy blow with a blunt instrument. I forgot my resentment in a moment and was overcome with grief. I stooped to lift the body into an easier position, but was knocked completely off my feet by a club which the man had in his hand. 'You young murderer,' he cried; 'your sniveling will not help you out of this. You will hang as high as Haman or my name is not Joe Wilkinson. We heard your threat yesterday and I have caught you today. You will go a step higher than your dad, I reckon.'

"I was thunderstruck, but suddenly the hopelessness of my condition dawned upon me. Wilkinson's fierce taunt roused me to action. I leaped upon him, struck him to the ground and turned back among the rocks. I found a hiding place, and the next night got away from the country. I wandered about like a beast for a few weeks until at last, growing bolder, I came here and obtained work. It proved some relaxation to the misery I suffered, but I am innocent. Do you believe me, doctor?"

I told him that I did and would make efforts to learn all the subsequent circumstances and advise him accordingly. In the meantime he should be patient and try to get well faster.

A few days after this occurrence a carriage containing a lady and gentleman stopped at the old farmhouse and the gentleman requested the privilege of resting his horses and obtaining dinner. The farmer took the horses and I led the way to the house. The young lady was beautiful, but there was a tinge of sadness in her manner. She spoke softly to her brother and called him George. I thought nothing of this, but a few moments later, when he addressed her as Elsie, I was so startled that I leaped to my feet. "Pray, what is your name?" I exclaimed excitedly. The gentleman appeared surprised, but answered quietly, "My name is George Iveson and this is my sister Elsie."

"Have you a scar on your head?" I exclaimed, hardly knowing what I was saying I was so excited.

"Yes," said Mr. Iveson, looking at me in wonderment, "but my hair covers it up and I wonder at your noticing it. I fell," he went on, "and was nearly killed a few months ago, but it healed rapidly, and I am perfectly well now. A neighbor accused an old friend of mine of doing the deed, for he had overheard us in a quarrel. My friend disappeared and has never been heard of since, although I have done my utmost to find him."

Elsie was crying. I arose and going over to her said, 'Providence sends us strange experiences; some bring sorrow and some happiness; was your friend's name Dave?"

George sprang to his feet. "Can you tell us where he is?" he cried.

I explained everything, and shortly afterward, when I opened the door to Dave's room, I felt that life was a very dear gift when used in behalf of others.

"Dave," I said, "what would you consider the best news I could bring you?"

"That the past five months of my life has been only a dream," said Dave, sadly.

"Wouldn't it suit you as well to know that George recovered from his hurt?" said I.

He looked up and answered slowly, "That is impossible, for he was dead."

"It is possible," said I, "and I really believe that he may have recovered."

Gradually I told him all, and there came over his tired face a look of tranquil happiness.

A few years later, when a square envelope appeared in my mail one morning, I was so interested that I forsook my patients and went to the wedding. George was the best satisfied brother-in-law in the world, and Joe Wilkinson swore that Dave was the brightest young lawyer in that section of the country, and if he didn't deserve success no one did.—Chicago News.

Season of Marriage in China.

The Chinese believe there is a season for everything, and, in accordance with this belief, they think the opening year—the season when the peach petal bursts from the calix—is the most auspicious season for forming matrimonial alliances.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Great Feast.

There has never been prepared at any feast a bigger bowl of punch than that which was brewed by the Right Hon. Edward Russell when he was captain general and commander in chief of the forces in the Mediterranean seas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with lemon and orange trees. In every walk there was a table the whole length of it, and on every table was a cold collation. In the huge fountains were the following ingredients: Four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, 1,300 pounds of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits and a pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

Over the fountain was placed a great canopy, while in the midst of this lake of liquor there sailed a little sailor boy who filled the cups and replenished the glasses of all those who had a desire to drink. More than 6,000 men put in an appearance at this feast.—London Tit-Bits.

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THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

What American Wealth Has Done for One of England's Historic Mansions. How an American Woman Has Beautified and Improved an Old Estate.

The present Duchess of Marlborough, married to a descendant of the Churchills, is herself the daughter of a "leader by sea," her father having been a commodore of the United States navy. As Miss Lilian Price, when only a young girl her beauty attracted admiration, not only in her native town of Troy, N. Y., but in the wider circles of Washington diplomatic life. The duchess, after the death of her first husband, Mr. Louis Hammersley, of New York, came over to England, on her second marriage, and since then her energy has done not a little to restore Blenheim, that magnificent memorial to the founder of the family's fortunes, to something of its former beauty and grandeur.

No. 3 Carlton House Terrace was for many years before it came into the possession of the Duchess of Marlborough the residence of the late Lady Brownlow—whose hospitality there is still very pleasantly remembered—and it is one of the largest of those large mansions that form the terrace. The hall and vestibule are softly carpeted—not a footstep breaks the silence—and warmly colored, and against the dull crimson of the wall interesting trophies of arms and weapons are artistically arranged. The wide staircase is broken half way by a broad landing, and in Lady Brownlow's time the second short flight gave immediate access to the morning room, but the duchess has altered this somewhat inconvenient arrangement by making the old boudoir into a large, square antechamber, divided from the staircase by six handsome columns of verde antique marble.

Opening from this, down two or three steps, is a new room built by the duchess specially for her own sanctum, and easily shut off when desired by portieres and glass doors. Its proportions are lofty and pleasing, the walls are hung in brocade of soft, brilliant, yet pale green shade, and it is filled with a thousand interesting and historic souvenirs. Its one broad window gives access to a miniature conservatory, with palms and tropical ferns made gay with choice flowers. Orchids are her grace's favorite exotic, and those who are familiar with the "Blenheim" selections can at once realize the gorgeous effect that can be attained.

In this little salon the duchess is never disturbed, and bright though it is, it is not too large to be comfortable and cozy. The decorations are Louis XVI in style, the marble chimneypiece being a particularly fine example of French workmanship of that period, and showing evidences of English influence in design and execution. The central jamb was taken from one of the original mantelpieces of Blenheim palace. The wide hearth is tiled in marble, and on it burns an old, well seasoned oak fire. Above the narrow mantelshelf is a beautiful portrait, by Joshua Reynolds, of one of the Churchill ancestresses, and on the walls hang a few rare and valuable pictures of Reynolds and others, and three valued on account of belonging to the Empress Eugenie, with whom they were special favorites in happier days.

The drawing rooms form a stately suite of rooms opening one from the other. The proportions are very striking and the loftiness of the ceilings, finished in a half cone, are very elaborate in design, being a replica of one of the ceilings of Versailles of Louis XVI period. The work was executed by skilled French workmen brought from Paris specially for the purpose. In the front drawing room the walls are hung with rich satin damask of the shade known as "bouton d'or" and on this background are excellent old Flemish tapestries supplemented here and there by some artistic gem in bronze or some veritable old master sent from the gallery at Blenheim. A very superior work of art, standing in a corner on a slender marble pedestal, is a fine bust in green bronze of Louis XIV and a large mirror of old French workmanship hangs over the mantelshelf—in itself an exceptional specimen of the Eighteenth century stone carving—with massive candelabra on either side.

That the duchess has inherited her nation's love for flowers is amply testified, for they hold undisputed sway on all sides, adorning the tables, growing in pots or thrown carelessly into antique vases and great crystal bowls.

The second drawing room, with its three windows opening out on St. James' park, is a room full of curiosities over which one might linger for hours. The walls and draperies are of a bright flame colored damask, the color and design being Blenheim heirlooms, and its resuscitation is due to the duke having accidentally discovered an old chair, a torn fragment of the original, which so pleased him that he had the pattern fabric copied and reproduced. The pictures of this inner drawing room are for the most part original Rubenses brought from the Blenheim collection.

Whatever may be the attractions of Carlton house terrace to the duchess, Blenheim, nevertheless, is the home of her choice, and on the rehabilitation of that historic spot she has lavished her wealth unsparingly. This palace, besides being, from its size and magnificence and its historical associations, one of the most remarkable country homes of England, is most charmingly situated, and there is hardly another place which conveys such a perfect feeling of English country scenery as the gentle, undulating hills, the beautiful woods, and the winding lake, which form the setting of the gem—the mansion itself.

The palace dates back only to the beginning of last century, when, by special act of parliament, the Royal manor, of Woodstock, was settled on the first duke and his heirs forever, with a pension of £5,000 in perpetuity as a national recognition and reward for his services as captain general of the queen's forces.

The duke and duchess spend the greater part of the year here, coming to town only a few months in the season, and here, on every hand—in the splendid orchid houses, extensive conservatories, the roseries and flower gardens, as well as in the interior arrangements of the great establishment—the hand of the young duchess is plainly to be seen.—London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Change on a Bob Tailed Car.

Two well dressed colored men got on a night line car going out South Sansom street at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. As they entered the car Jim said, "Here, Jake, get the change," and handed the spruce looking Jake a half dollar, which he at once dropped in the fare box. "What you do dat fo', you fool? Don't you know no better'n that? You's lost dat half dollar, done sure." The laugh went around, and Jake, after calling down maledictions on the company for setting a trap to rob him, turned to Jim and offered to make his loss good. Just then a weary reporter entered the car and was about to put a dime in the box when the driver prevented him and said:

"Pay your fare to that darky; the darn fool put half a dollar in the box just now." Jake displayed his ivories as he received the coin, and again the laugh went around at his expense.

At Twelfth street a benighted dude walked up to the box with a dime. He in turn was told to pay it over to "that fool nigger." Again the laugh went around as the conductor said, "There is ten cents due you yet." Soon after one of a couple of toughs, decked out in diamonds, canes and gloves, was told to hand his fare to the colored man. "Did you think the traction company was getting poor that you should offer them a contribution?" said he, as he handed the colored man a dime, and again the laugh went around at his expense.—Philadelphia Record.

Queen Victoria is sovereign over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands—such at least is the statement of a loyal Canadian news-

Miscellaneous

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SICK
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HEAD
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$15,000 will be paid to an advertising doctor, who can prove as great skill, knowledge and experience and who can show as many patients permanently cured as I can after quacks and advertising doctors had ruined them. Send 2c stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials exposing quacks and advertising doctors with their false and fraudulent guarantees and testimonials, their experience, they do not possess and their scheme of refunding money or friendly talks and their cheap and worthless drugs neither of which cures you, but are used as decoys and result in ruin of thousands of confiding victims. Office Hours,—Every day from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., evenings 6 to 9. Wednesday and Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9 to 12. For References see Wednesday and Saturday Phila. Times.

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Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

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NEW CARRIAGES, GOOD DRIVING HORSES, Single and Double Teams. Careful Drivers furnished when desired. Closed Cabs for Weddings or Funerals.
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WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. ***Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

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A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT
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